

Toward the Sun

BEEDE

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TOWARD THE SUN

POEMS BY
A. MC G. BEEDE, PH. D.

With COMMENTARY NOTES by
MELVIN R. GILMORE, Ph. D.,
Curator of North Dakota Historical
Museum. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

A. McG. Beede is well known through his "Sitting Bull-Custer," "Heart-in-the-Lodge," and other works.

The present volume of poems, "Toward the Sun," with notes in an appendix by Melvin R. Gilmore, Ph. D., Curator of the North Dakota Historical Museum, cannot fail to be pleasing and interesting. It is typical of Dr. Beede's frank and trenchant thought in poetry, which is so natural that it sings itself.

The book has unusual variety. The casual reader might call it "just poetry." But at heart it is an X-ray examination of civilization by Dr. Beede and his friends, the Indians.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

It is difficult to say how much of this book is "original." On the extreme frontier with Indians in boyhood, and later living intimately with Indians for many years, I have borrowed unconsciously from Indians and from frontiersmen. Credit is given for what is consciously borrowed—a considerable part. An old frontiersmen once said to me: "Indians influence whitemen's ideas as much as whitemen influence Indians' ideas." This is true. And this influence of Indians upon whitemen has been continuous, from the far East out along. There should be a well-written book entitled "Our Borrowment from Indians."

How much of our distinctive "American Characteristics" is due to the influence of Indians?

Numerals opposite titles refer to notes by M. R. Gilmore, Ph. D., in an appendix. Doctor Gilmore's intimate living with Indians, and his studies as curator of the Nebraska Historical Museum, qualify him for writing the notes which he has kindly consented to write.

An old Indian (Sakanaku Skonk), in the Turtle Mountains), on seeing himself in "the whiteman's looking glass," said: "I wonder if I look to Great Spirit as I look in the white man's looking glass?" Misleading things he found in "the whiteman's world," (unlike what he found in Nature), made him distrust "the whiteman's looking glass."

If we are to save the good things in "the whiteman's world" it is time to put away "small talk," and ask seriously what lessons we may learn from primitive peoples. We talk about living in harmony with Nature. We had in America a people who were really living in harmony with Nature—at least largely so—before we destroyed them. Quotations not otherwise specified are Indian.

IN THE DAY WHEN YOU'LL BE A BRIDE-
GROOM

A "white-livered" pale girl
Fed on city canned goods
Or a girl in the country
Whose cheeks are in bloom;
A pale flower ne'er to blossom,
Half dead in the woods,
Or a flower that is gleeful
With sunshine and room—
Which'll you have in the day when you'll be
the bridegroom?

Two good breasts for a babe,
Or scant breasts and no zeal;
Mother's milk for the babe,
Or the babe for the tomb;
Love pell-mell from the start
Or divorce-suit and de'il;
Now the one knows crocheting,
The other a broom—
Which'll you have in the day when you'll be
the bridegroom?

Which'll you have; don't be hasty,
Remember the road
Of your choosing will lead you
Through sunshine or shade;

And as Indians have told me,
 “No medicine toad
Can give sense to a stripling
 Or breasts to a maid.”
Which’ll you have in the day when you’ll be
 the bridegroom?

Strange no philosopher has mentioned as the greatest wonder of the world, more than the whole of the “seven wonders of the world,” a city which is so wholesome that it does not degenerate and destroy its people. And nearly as wonderful as this would be a civilization that was sane and sound so that it would not become self-destroying.

BLINKING TOWARD THE SUN

(Note.—In a coulee north of the upper Missouri river, I saw an old wolf who had crawled up on a rock to die. Losing his teeth in early summer he had become lean and lank. Now he was dying on a rock in the sunshine. Old wolves often die in this way. Drawing near I stroked the fur on his head, and he appreciated it. His death seemed quite human. When he was dead I buried him, using a flat stone for a spade, and by his grave I erected a slab, whittled from a bush, and marked:

Wolf—Died penitent October 9, 1916;
Buried by his brother, A. McG. Beede.

Then I composed the following poem.)

When the sunny clock, the God-made clock,
Compassionately ticks "tick-tock"
For me to die, I want to mock
At fear, and crawl out on a rock,
As a wolf does when his race is run,
As a wolf does when his deeds are done,
As a wolf dies blinking toward the Sun.

An old wolf dies full reverently,
I've seen him blinking patiently,
Awaiting his last destiny,
As if 'twere some sweet mystery;
He was blinking in the sunny air,
To the Sun his dying will and prayer,
He was dying calmly on the square.

Then why should I, his brother, squirm
At the sunny portals which we term
"The gate of death," the splendid germ
Of constant life? Is man less firm
Than all Nature is? My life begun,
With the merits I have missed or won,
Is a spirit blinking toward the Sun.

A whiteman who inclines to corral what others produce is sometimes called "Tame Wolf" by Indians. An Indian said to me: "The difference between a true wild wolf and 'Tame Wolf' is this: wild wolf does not leave any property to be divided among relatives when he dies. Tame Wolf is anxious to do this more than he is desirous for anything else."

THE OLD WOLF'S SONG (1)

(Indian)

"An old man out on a hill praying, saw a tribe of wolves gliding across the prairie to the Missouri river. All of the wolves swam across the river except one who was too old to swim any more. When the other wolves had disappeared in the distance across the river, the old wolf sat on the bank of the river and sang with a man's voice:"

THE SONG

All o'er the earth I've roamed,
I've journeyed far and wide;
My spirit haste and go,
I'm nothing, nothing now,
I'm nothing, nothing now."

"Missouri river flow,
Thou sacred water flow;
My spirit haste and go,
I'm nothing, nothing now,
I'm nothing, nothing now."

"Then the old wolf went away onto a hill and crawled up onto a rock in the sunshine, and his spirit went away. And that is why a man, when

he is old and nearly ready to die, sings this song which the old wolf sang:"

THE ORIGINAL OF THE SONG

"Ma-ka ta-ko-mni
Te-han o-ma-wa-ni;
Mi-na-gi ya ya yo,
Wa-na ma-ta-ku-ni,
Wa-na ma-ta-ku-ni."

"Mni-sho-she ya yo
Mni wa-kan ya yo;
Mi-na-gi ya ya yo,
Wa-na ma-ta-ku-ni,
Wa-na ma-ta-ku-ni.
O-he-he-he!"

Old Indians dearly love sweet and bitter.
The taste of sour they cannot endure.

"Hark to the sound of the wings,
The sound of the wings flying o'er;
In the morning the valiant wings,
In the evening the restful wings."

(Indian)

THE PREACHER

He seemed to be an educated
scholar in Greek,
But do the level best he could do,
mightily or meek,
I'd sooner hear the old Red River
wooden cartwheels squeak.

What is it somehow makes the preaching
seem all amiss,
Without the tone of Nature's anger
or Nature's bliss,
With neither Nature's thunder'n lightning
or Nature's kiss?

A natural fiddler's natural fiddling gives
exhilaration,
A million startling tones in Nature
give us soul-elation,
And Nature's faces looking at us
give us inspiration.

O God, why can't a holy preacher
pray holy prayers,
Aware himself of friends departed
and vacant chairs,
Aware of human fear and hoping
and human cares?

We long to have religion's comfort,
 sermon or mass,
For oft we see and feel things darkly,
 "as through a glass."
And through Life's darkness, let us own it,
 we want to pass.

"Arise with the Dawn,
Bathe in the morning Sun,
Sleep when the birds no longer fly,
Awake when the first faint Dawn appears."

(Indian)

Note 3

THE MAN-ALIVE

The man-alive demands no goal towards which
to strive,
Desires no glittering mountain-peak of lonely
fame
And amber-cloudbuilt sweet repose toward
which to aim.
His better goal is this, to be a man-alive.

A man-alive right here today, in work and play,
A man among his fellow men, full heart, full
soul,
A real Christian with no fads, or idol goal,
Why simply just a man-alive, today, for aye.

Then here's to you, the Man-Alive, my first-born
brother,
So full of olden Life divine, and daydawn cheer
That you don't need a bottle of Milwaukee beer,
To Life divine, my Brother, Sister, Father,
Mother.

People will endure most any form of govern-
ment as long as they think it gives them free-
dom.

ADIEU

(Written on reading the oath required of the militia in order to be "mustered in." An English publicist said some years ago that Capitalism would make its last great struggle for supremacy in America.)

Adieu, Democracy, adieu,
Farewell till Daydawn comes again;
We love you and we grieve for you
And for the treading down of men.

Farewell, Democracy, thou'rt gone;
The greedy few have damned the whole,
The wolves have eaten up the fawn
Ere wisdom gave it strength of soul.

Gone are the heroes of the past
Who died for honest liberty.
Today the wolves are clutching fast
America in infamy.

Arise, your country calls, be calm;
Be brave amid the coming storm;
Be bold, but let no "witches charm"
Your olden tested faith deform.

(Quotations are Indian)

THE NIGHTINGALE TARRIES

"The Daydawn's lover is Shadowman. He wanders everywhere pleading to see the Sun. But go where he may and turn whither he will, some object always gets between him and the Sun. Sometime he will marry the Daydawn, and with her climb up to the Sun, and disappear. Thus far, whenever he asks the Daydawn to marry him she laughs and hastes away. His one and only passionate longing is to wed the Daydawn, and with her climb to the Sun and disappear. When this happens sorrow will pass away from the earth. The nightingale is forever singing of the coming wedding between Shadowman and the Daydawn."

"Let us hope in our crying,
The Nightingale tarries
And he'll sing till the Daydawn
Her true lover marries."

If false culture begins with
Denial of Nature,
'Twill of course make a tribesman
A fib-fabricator.

If't leaps outward, not inward,
And blends with live Nature
'Twill of course fill a nation
With ardor and rapture,
If't becomes by succeeding
Eclat optimistic,
'Twill of course make a people
Unduly bombastic.
Painful shadows, ah, pity!
Give heartaches and sorrow;
Yet the Nightingale tarries,
Let's hope till tomorrow.

“Let us hope in our crying,
The Nightingale tarries,
And he'll sing till the Daydawn
Her true lover marries.”

There are only two ways to really live. One is to live in a tent or shack and eat mostly what one raises himself. The other is to live on an estate with a retinue of servants. A man may exist in a hotel, but there is no such thing as living in a hotel.

LEAPYEAR LUCK

"Like the first of the sunshine I love you," she
wrote,

"And I whisper, I must say it, do you love me?
My own heart says you don't, so I'll float in my
boat

On the wild Androscoggin way out to the sea."

"I have heard a strange song in the wild water's
lore,

That the heart of a river can't marry the sun;
So I'm gone to the ocean, you'll see me no more,
For your heart is a river. Farewell, it is done."

Ah, how little she knew it, pure maid by the
stream,

That a stripling's pure conscience must hamper
his love,

For the heart of a maiden lives mostly in dream
And in dreamland the conscience don't tamper
with love.

Ah, how little he knew it, poor "bookworm" so
meek,

That if once he would dream by the water with
her

His own conscience would give her a kiss on her
cheek.

Was it destined to be? That's a mystery, Sir.

The long winters have taught me from what I
 have seen
That a stripling has conscience, a man hates a
 lie,
But the male sense of loving is scrawny and
 lean
Till the female inspires it with love in the eye.

And a maid's scrawny conscience is lost in the
 fire
Of compulsory love which can't wait for a day.
Is the conscience Life's soul, or is virgin desire
By compulsion Life's soul with its fate day by
 day?

If a maid loves a stripling with passion forlorn
And he yields her his all, saving scarcely his
 soul,
Will the stripling regret it when leapeyears are
 gone?
Ah, the conscience can eat in the heart like a
 coal.

The pure maiden has gone to the great runeful
 sea,
An old trapper turns gray by his campfire
 agleam,

And he loves her, she loves him, but love was
not free.

Was his conscience delusion, her passion a
dream?

“Indians learned language from the sounds in nature and from the voices of animals, and so their language is musical. Whitemen learned language from the sounds that wheels in machinery make, so their language is harsh.”

(Indian)

THE SONG OF THE CRICKET

(Indian)

The cricket is singing
I'm here in the tent,
And I'm singing to tell you
The summer's far spent,
To remind you the autumntide
Days are at hand;
Sunny days made for singing
You *must* understand.
Sunny days, careless days,
Happy days, autumn days;
Sunny days made for singing
All over the land.
Sing with me and my people,
Sing, happily sing.

Note.—Indians call the cricket “ti-o-sdon-ya,” which means he-understands-things-in-the-tent, or he is a participant in the tent. They associate together the cricket and the tumblebug, which they call by a humorous and offensive name (unkce-pa-kmi-ya). Yet they know and appreciate the wisdom of the tumblebug more than whitemen understand it (unless perhaps Mark Twain, with his great habits of exact observation, who did not hesitate to picture the tumblebug as a superior scientist). But while the cricket appealed to the Indians in such a way as to invite song and poetry, the tumblebug did not. Indians say “Autumn is the happy time (wowiyuskinanpetu), for men and animals. It is not too

hot or too cold. There is food for all, more than in springtime. The sunshine is soft and gentle. Nobody can be unhappy in autumntime."

Indians have a song which begins:

The cricket is singing,
Oh listen, oh hark;
In autumn the cricket,
In springtime the duck.

"Do not teach children the exact words of a story until they so love the story that they tease for the exact words to help them remember the story." (Indian.)

GRAVEYARDS AND HOMES

Married-life is like a graveyard; those inside
cannot get out,
And those outside, as long's they're quite well
satisfied,
Don't want t' get in.

Then why prudential, caution-labelled laws
to keep folks out or in
Since both these olden institutions have
a natural discipline?

There's olden love, much more than pain, in
homes
while they're not starved or pampered,
In graveyards there's triumphant hope and faith
while olden faith's unhampered.

Since faith is in all races, places, ages,
why become a tinker
Of ne'er-begotten, ill-bethoughten creeds
and call yourself "a thinker?"

"If he courts her from spring till fall, then
quits her,
saying: 'I don't like her,'"

Old Indians say, "he is not-man." Frontiers-
men say:
"He is a piker."

We rarely meet the "piker" and the "not-man"
out on Life's frontier;

They seem more common where prudential
thinking

thinks Lifes out o' geer.

My home is where I like to be when th' pulse
beats low and th' day is rainy.

I can't quite say what home might be to me
if I was what's called "brainey."

But I daresay, some fair or rainy day
when m' Life-tides all are low,

And larger Life-tides in strong Nature call me,
I shall want to go.

For when it's time ("tohan iyehantu"),
and Indians have to go,

I've noticed how, sustained by faith and hope,
they always want to go.

Too often when the whiteman's fainting heart-
tides are all slow and low,

His idols make him fear he can't find-out
the place where spirits go.

How large the soul of man becomes by roaming
'neath the boundless dome;

How tender 't grows and strong by worshipping
the graveyard and the home.

FREAK STATUTES

The democratic people made the healthy Com-
mon Law,

It grew as mighty treetops grow in fair and
frosty weather.

But modern statutes, with full many a fickle
law and flaw,

Forget the Life-tide rudiments by which men
live together.

They neither scan the sunny mountain-peaks of
olden fame,

Nor keenly ken the hither principles of strong
renoun,

Nor calmly weigh contingencies which oft do
maim and lame

The balanced poise of living justice till the
judges frown.

And oft what's called "progressive legislation"
runs amuck,

And clumsily becomes a tangling web of ill-
made freaks,

Confiding more in "Simon says thumbs up,"
and hoped-for luck

Than tried and tested principles in which
calm justice speaks.

Yet freaks do pass away while Life has bal-
anced discipline,

And there are often mnemographic records
Life has made
To guide and guard unborn posterity; and it is
sin
To yield the people's Common Law to statutes
made by trade.

“The whiteman's government is like a spool
of thread with no needle to be found for using
the thread till you unwind the whole thread and
find a needle hidden away on the far end of it.”
(Indian)

TWO HOUSES

To a house o' brick I chanced to come,
The man was like that horn-ed "critter"
Who paws the earth and roars some
Because his disposition's bitter.

To a shack o' sod I chanced to come,
The man was civil and polite;
He did not say I was a "bum,"
Or act as if he'd like to bite.

It's curious how a house o' brick
Can make a fellow like "Auld Nick,"
And how a simple shack o' sod
Can make a fellow kind like God.

When a man is young he goes to others;
when he is old, others come to him. (Indian.)

THE GIVEAWAY-DANCE SONG

(Indian)

(Indians have a dance called "The Giveaway Dance," in which each participant gives away all he has. This dance is necessarily forbidden by the Government now that Indians are in a type of "civilization" which is not communal at basis. In a tribal, communal "civilization," giving away property simply passes it into the hands of other people in the community, while the community sees to it that no one suffers from destitution. The following song is said to be the meaning of the music at the "Giveaway Dance." The idea is that all one has belongs *religiously* to the community; and that the recognition of this fact is the condition of realizing Life-blessings. Life is supposed to sing this song:)

"If you'll give me the whole of your treasure
I will give you the whole of my heart,
If you'll give me one half of your treasure
I will give you one half of my heart.

And remember Life's heart in half-measure
Is one half of Life's heart *without soul*,
Aye, it's Life and Life's heart in *full measure*,
Or it's nothing at all of Life's soul.

All you have, howe'er small, wins Life-pleasure,
Half you have, howe'er large, wins no goal;
For it's wholeness for wholeness, and pleasure;
Or it's halfness of heart, *and no soul.*"

THE STRANGE LADY

Have you seen a strange Lady go by
In a gown like the daydawning sky;
And her eyes like the soul in the dew;
Was she smiling or frowning on you?

Here she comes and she looks like a flower,
All her Life is miraculous power.
And she smiles going by with her load,
If you love her, get out o' her road.

I'm acquainted with her and I love her;
If the tiniest feather above her
Did but touch her m' Lady might wake,
And for weeping her strong heart would break.

She is beautiful when she's asleep,
If you waken her, Oh, she will weep!
She's miraculous, don't you believe?
If you doubt it her strong heart will grieve.

She is moving, get out o' her road:
See her smile going by with her load.
And she kisses me once in a while,
But I know she will wake if I smile.

Long ago she was going to town,
With the dawdawn and dew for her gown,
And the townspeople gave her a frown;
'Twas bad luck, for their town tumbled down.

If they'd only get out o' the town
'Twould be better than staying to frown:
For m' Lady *must* carry Life's load,
If you love her, get out o' her road.

She's kind-hearted as long's she's asleep,
If she wakens the whole earth will weep:
And she journeys in earth and the sky,
When she wakens—all people will die.

The Sioux Indian form of an oath is: "Thou daytime-Sun, who passest over beholding all things day by day, bear witness that what I say is true."

SHE WENT TO SEE THE BOSTONESE

I see her as she used to stroll
About her garden, reverent soul;
And what she ate nobody knew,
Unless she ate what simply grew.

Nobody knew if she had meat,
Nobody knew if she had sweet;
She drank no tea, she knew not wine,
She said: "Pure water is divine."

She never begged from anyone,
Some said she lived on Light and Sun.

Her hair become as white as snow,
And had a cleanly, healthy glow.
Her blue eyes seemed like living Right
Unconscious of the power of might.
No fads, but just a Christian true
Who read her Bible through and through.
No vanity or legerdemain,
Just healthy life, clean heart, clear brain.
Her whole face had a daydawn gleam,
Unlike a witch's half-born dream.

Young couples with fond love aflame
Oft to her little cottage came,

And married couples in a feud,
To learn what destiny was hued.
No recompense was asked or given
For this entuneing light from Heaven.
She looked, she saw, she simply spoke,
While no one wishing it could cloak
Dissembling from her kindly eye.
Some youths from college came to try
With her good aid to know the trade
Or art for which they had been made.
No dregs in teacups, ifs or ands,
No reading lifelines in the hands,
Her simple answers came clear-cut
Without a quibbling if or but.
And she lived on when she was old,
In summer heat and winter cold.

Her walking-staff, cut from a tree,
Was Nature's sweet simplicity.
Though agile, yet she seemed so frail
That one might fear a little gale
Would blow her out. Her fingers grew
Some thinner, till the light shone through.
Her dress of "print" she always wore
Was sweet and clean as flower-song lore.
And all she wore was neat and clean
Like her own self and soul and mien.

She went to see the Bostonese,
Where lived a lady called her niece,
And coming back was heard to tell
It seemed like getting back from hell.

When years had gone, returning there,
I went to see her, unaware
She'd gone; I knocked, no answer came,
Except that sound no voice can name
When there is knocking at the door
And in the house no tenant more.
A neighbor said: "Aunt Dolly's dead.
She never even tuck 'er bed;
And she wan't noway sick or ill.
Seems like I see her living still,
She was so good from first to last.
She jost sot down and breatht 'er last.

"Love among neighbors is easier when there
is a plenty of room and not too many people in
a neighborhood." (Indian.)

WAR OR WOMEN, WHICH'LL YOU HAVE?

"It's war keeps women's wisdom down
And the menfolks up above them,
When war is o'er they build a town (wakeya)
And the docile menfolks love them."

It's war or women, which'll you have,
Life a runeful sea of cripples,
And the menfolks kings, or women queens
And the men Life's gleeful ripples?

A woman can raise more o' hell
For a flirting lady teacher
Than man or devil wants to raise
For a tardy, worn out preacher.

For man or de'il against a woman
Has a true sense of humor,
But a woman against a fellow-woman
Wants the whole world to doom her.

There's reason in her awkward pleading,
Don't think the whole world can crush her;
Life's heart is in her maddened speaking,
Don't think a bouquet will hush her.

Don't tell me "woman is a devil,"
For it shows you do not know her;
"She's Mother of Life's human tree,
She's a Life-philosopher (wiconi-iksapewin).

It's war or women, which'll you have
Life a runeful sea of cripples,
And menfolks kings, or women queens,
And the men Life's gleeful ripples?

We need to leave off trying to citify the coun-
try and try to countrify the cities.

UNKIGLUHAPI ANPETU (2)

(Freedom-day. Indian 4th of July)

At dawn ecstatic tomtom-beats
Arouse the tribesmen, for today
Is "Freedom-day," they say, each greets
His gleeful neighbor with the gay
"Wa-na unk-i-glu-ha-pi chay,
E-ha-na e i-ye-ce-ca,"
(We're free, free men we are today,
As in the dear old days so far.)"
No whiteman's laws today, they think,
Once more they breathe sweet freedom's breath
And say: "Today no man shall drink
The whiteman's whiskey, full of death."
I hear old women glorify
The olden days of womanhood,
The "blessed moons so long ago
When people had good clothes and food."
If they could have the land as 'twas
Before we gave them "culture's gem"
And Christian reservation laws
They'd take it, everyone of them.
Among the sports a maiden rides
A goodly steed, she's Charity.
She flings away her dimes, and prides
Herself in liberality.

They say: "A man is truly great,
Not for his wealth or eloquence,
But for his service to the state (oyate),
Without a thought of recompense."
Ah, it is freedom, pure and clean
Which every human being craves,
But it is scrawney now and lean,
The state is gone and men are slaves.
"Amer'cans" want nice tidbit honey,
They know not wisdom's bitterness.
The Indian rowing in his diney
Knew more than they, with "hit-or-miss."
"Amer'can" over-lordly pride
Has crushed full many a native gem
That might have glittered far and wide
More precious than a diadem.

"There comes to everything a day when it is
attacked by all its enemies at once." (Indian.)

DON'T HURRY ME

"If you won't hurry me," said a sailor one day,
I will work for you better and cheaper."
If you hurry the distaff it breaks the Life-thread
Which the weaving would make a Life-web—
It is suicide!

I must rush for the train.

Oh, my bath! I will take it in Bismarck,
Where the water's too thin for a harrow or plow
And too thick for a Christian to bathe in.
Oh-no-no! No, McKenzie's put in water-mains
And the water's all right for a Christian;
But they want water free, and they say it costs
high,

Though it suits them to drink or to bathe in.

Come with me and I'll show you a buffalo-bull
With a pack of gray-wolves barking around
him;

They must bring the bull down, for it makes
gray-wolves frown

To see eyes in a bull up above them.

So it's up and it's down and it's hurry and
frown,
But it makes a great "civilization";
If it makes people mad, if it makes people glad,
All the same, it is "civilization!"
In its delirium!

My old hat, Oh, it's gone,
Like a hat that you reach for in dreaming.
If they see me in town with no hat on my head
They will say that I look like a Teton.

If I poach beaverskins, sew them into a coat,
And a deerskin to make me new breeches,
'Twill be hard on the beavers and hard on the
deer,
But it makes me an up-to-date Christian—
In my outerness!

Dinner! Don't mind about that.
"Old frontiersmen oft fasted—and lasted,
Yes, they lived just as long as the next ones.
But the tin cans have come, and the fasting must
go,
Though a fast is all right for a Christian.

When the town's in a hurry and nerves are
a-twitch

It is hard to keep people from dying,
When it's poker and "margins," be quick and
get rich,

It is hard to keep people from lieing."

But the towns make it better and gayer, they
say,

Than it was when the Tetons were dreaming.

Come away; I will show you where cactus
plants bloom,

And the juice of the plant is delicious;

I will show you tall buttes reaching up, oh, so
high,

In the desert where Life is and Love is;

I will show you a butte where the yucca plants
grow

As they grew when the Tetons were dreaming,
But you must hold your tongue and not tell
where it is,

For the school-ma'ams would climb it and claim
it.

By discovery!

My ink spilt all over my hands!
It's the hurry-up-quick and be rushing!
It makes living too short and makes dying too
 long
When the world's getting quicker than Life is.
Oh, the nights are so bright and the moonlight
 so gay
In the desert where Life is and God is.
If a murderer went to the desert to live
He would love God and live like a Christian.

Now the cities have come, and religion must go,
For religion can't live in a city.
If a virgin should go to the city to live
They would call her a liar or fool.
If it makes people glad, if it makes people sad,
All the same it is "civilization!"
Not the Tetons!

Oh look! See their tents by the streams,
"In the land of the evening mirage!"
It's a land that the Tetons behold in their
 dreams,
"The good land where the rainbow is large."
And it's pleasing!

My shoes, Oh I lent them, they're gone!
An old Teton went by—he was going to town,
And I lent him my shoes like a Christian.

Shall I give up Life's joy, let Christianity go?
Shall I cease to befriend the old Teton!
Shall I hurry-plunge-in, be-quick-and-get-rich
By corralling what other men culture,
So my wife can have "civilization?"
The dilemma!

To-oo-t, there she goes, let her t-oo-t!
I'm a fool if I think she will pray,
She must t-oo-t and go rushing for Bismarck!

In the plainlands of Shina they builded a town,
A tall tower to reach up to Heaven;
And the Life-God destroyed it. No folklore tells
us

How persistently Life in the people,
In the ages departed, has tried to build towns,
And has buried with billows the ruins,
Lest the whole earth becoming a grim charnel-
house,
Might discourage the people from living.
And the thing can't be done till tent-circles are
large

As the circle of Life is and Love is.
Not more brains, but Heart!

The good Bishop will scold me,
He wrote me to meet him in Bismarck,
Said the Church must wake up, get alive to the
times,
Be a part of our "civilization!"
And its delirium!

Now, I wonder 'f the Church
Shouldn't reduce the delirium!
And direct wicked men's hearts to Life, if it can!

Shall't plunge in and be part of the swirl?
E'en if there were no creed and no Bible, there's
Life,
Which is deeper than all the world's strife,
And is higher than the tip-top of Babel's high
tower,
Holy Life in each dewdrop and flower.
And a mass fitly sung from the heart has God-
power
To help men from delirium.

When delirium comes it is madness in dreams,
Yet good Bishops, perhaps, can reduce it
If o'er Life's runeful sea their calm light sends
 a gleam
'Mid the errors untold that produce it.

How the starving man lives is a constant surprise,
Every dog lives some way till he dies.
How the stuffed man survives is the greater surprise,
Every dog lives some way till he dies.
Sacred Life is surprise!

I will go to the pool
Where the meadowlarks sing by the pool,
I will bathe in the pool where the turtledoves
 coo,
'Twould be wicked to hurry their cooing.
And if you will not hurry Creation too much
She will work for you better and cheaper.
When a "civilization" gets bigger than Life
And gets wiser than Nature and Life is,
It is tossed to one side like a chip on a wave,
It goes down and its cities are buried.

WHITE AND RED

(Quotations are Indian)

"If a white woman wishes to know when the
moon will be full

she looks at a page in the almanac.

If a Red woman wishes to know when the moon
will be full

she looks at the face of the sky.

When the moon becomes full a Red woman
knows it is full,

For she sees the full moon in the sky.

A white woman knows when the moon be-
comes full,

for the almanac says it is full.

A Red woman's eyes love to look at the moon;

A white woman's eyes are afraid of the moon."

"If a white brother wishes to know what's the
worth of a hide

He looks in a book for the price it will
bring.

If a Red brother wishes to know what's the
worth of a hide

He thinks of the comfort 'twill bring."

"If a Red brother's rich it's his pleasure to feed
every brother who's passing his way;

If a white brother's rich it's his pleasure to keep
All the wealth that he has till he dies."

“The Red brothers’ ways would be bad for white men,

for they couldn’t find out how to use them.

The Red brothers learned from wise animals,
and the best things they learned from Great Spirit.

The white brothers killed the wise animals,
then they learned by instructing themselves.”

SO HARD

So hard the world is, yet a man *must* live;
For he's immortal and he cannot give
Himself to nothingness, so he must fight
Be't day or night, in weakness or in might.

The more the fight, the more becomes the light,
While valiant lighting brings still more of might,
And so it must turn out that might is right.
Confess it now, that's "civilization's" plight.

I cannot think the vastest worlds are more
Than one slow moving atom on the shore
Of the incarnate sea of God and Life
Forever tossing, day and night, with strife.

And might alone in man or God is sin,
So what we need's a better discipline;
For we're the selfsame devils we have been
Whatev'er we lose, whate'er we try to win.
Yet since there's pain there's hope in Life's long
dream,

If man will bravely greet the pain between
The twin born cruel millstones, light and might;
And might is right, while light is man-made
light.

A BUILDER'S VISION

A builder's vision, or a view
"Clairvoyant;" hearts of all things true,
Life-faces all forever new,
Tho' fondly reckoned moons are few,
And friendly faces pass like dew.

Life's temple full of pictures, trees
And men and women, birds and flowers,
And friendly faces, all did please
So tenderly I wept for joy:
Then checked the weeping by degrees.

Then countless living pictures came,
And one in all and all in one,
Together made a Hall of Fame;
Its beautiful simplicity
Revealed a world of Pride and Shame.

One picture said, and laughed with glee,
"A beggar painted me," I, "Who?"
The picture said: "Draw near and see,
You painted me ere you were born,
I'm part of you, and you of me."

We're beggars all, yet ere we came,
And while we cross Life's runeful sea,
We truly build Life's Hall of Fame;
Its beautiful simplicity
Rebukes the world of Pride and Shame.

An "efficiency" is not as good as a man.

COOKING FOR THE PEDDLER

It was snowing and cold the last of autumn
In the Turtle Mountains in North Dakota.
We'd helped Loraine "mud-up" his new log
barn

To keep the cows, the friends of people, warm.

Cows' faces, coming, change the first frontier,
Then wives and children come and all is change.
And something dear in the frontier is gone—
More pleasing pleasantness, more painful pain.

Next to wives and children, more than churches,
Cows' faces are the olden oracle
Which makes and mends the whiteman's civi-
lization,

So neighbors helped Loraine "mud-up" his barn
To keep the cows, the cattle people, warm.

A weary Jew pack-peddler came along.
A Jew must have a shelter from the storm
When wolves are out, and bears are in their
dens,

And night is dreadful in the mountain glens.
Loraine could hardly give the peddler shelter,
His small log house was for his wife and chil-
dren

And his log barn was full of cattle people.
And neighboring shacks were full of wives and
 children,
Save one, which building it had made my own,
Its spirit welcomed me when I came home.

A hewn or rough log house made by its owner
Is such an architectural part of him
That when he's gone the house he built is lonely.
First settlers' shacks are built with heart and
 soul,
Each log is cut and hewn and fitted by a mold
Which each inherits from the days of old
From his own architectural ancestry,
While in his new-found freedom there is Love.
For Love's the innerness of living men
As hair's the outerneess of roguish bears.
And as whitepeople like their special neighbors,
So Indians and frontiersmen welcome strangers.
And there's no knowing time so long ago
When people did not welcome honest peddlers.
So when Loraine had given the peddler tea
I took the weary peddler home with me.

I quite forgot that my one bed was narrow,
And short, not long enough if I slept straight;
But first frontiersmen do not borrow troubles

If there is game and they have strength and
rifles.

I was the Christian, he the wandering Jew,
And we were snug and smug in bed together
As twins are in their home before they're born.
There was no wall to keep the Israelite
And Christian separate in that small bed.
He said he dreamed he was a Christian priest;
I did not dream at all. I seldom dream.

The morning came and I must cook for two,
And self respect forbids to cook for two
Tho' one may give his food to three or more,
And men despise a man who'll cook for them.
"Ye cannot serve two masters," Jesus said.

Childbearing is enough for woman's curse,
And it's her joy. What humbles her too much
Is her old task to cook for two, or more.
She is a slave for this; it makes her mean;
Then men do flatter her and make her meaner.

The Jew said, "I can't cook, so you must cook.
Then something in the cupboard, whispering,
said:

"Do you think one and one are only two?
Our school arithmetic confuses you.
They're one, just one, or else it's helibelou.

'They twain shall be one flesh,' not two, you know."

It startled me. How could the Jew and I,
Tho' brothers, twins as 'twere, become one
flesh?

We still were two, and two is helibelou.

I looked and I'd no food but flapjack meal.
A bite of this or that is food enough
When any thankful body's sole alone,
But when a body thinks somebody thinks
His flapjack feast is flapjack poverty
It makes full many a good man's feast a fast.

Why is it household work for only two
Is eight times household work for only one?
E'en when the "twain" are one it's largely so.
And as I've seen the only case I know
Where it's not so is where two friends are one
So firm that each would die to save the other,
Yet at the merest word they'd clench each other.

Is not this soulful attitude Life's balm,
Which gives the first frontier its godly charm?
And when "they twain" become in Love one
flesh,
Would 't not be better for them thus to live?

When two are fairly matched in avoirdupois
It's blows received and freely given that weld
The twain into an ardent loving link.

Two touch-me-nots together are a curse
Than woman—chattel—slavery much worse.
All's wanting then's for women to grow large
As I have sometimes seen Arikaras,
Or else for men to somewhat smaller grow,
As I have seen some dwarf-like Chippewas.
For one alone can hardly be true glee,
Since Nature is a great community.

I stirred lake-water with the flapjack meal
And fried the flapjack dough with expert skill.
The odor from the frying dough was good,
Tho flapjacks thus were like unleavened bread.

There was no syrup, coffee, tea or bacon,
Just flapjacks, nothing more, and pure lake-
water.

I'd eaten thus before and I felt rich,
But, cooking for the peddler, I felt poor.

A bite of this or that and then a smoke,
With feasting like a monarch now and then,
When lucky praying fetches game his way,
Makes many a hunter live full long and gay.

And old frontiersmen know Life's code so well
That fasting does not seem to them like hell.
And I will swear that one and one are two,
And two and two are four, and four and four
Are eight, whate'er the whispering cupboard
says,
Till wives and children we all love so well
Make household living joy, or cubic hell.

And I have often seen frontiersmen live
In pairs, by fours, by eights and tens and more,
All living in a gay community.
Each knew another fellow's mind so well
That fasting did not give that doleful spell
Which cooks oft feel when strangers come
along
And empty cupboards sing a doleful song.

It's not cows' faces bring this dolefulness.
Is it the idol-cupboard's teasing song?
Is it because we're not sincere enough
To have Life's Heart and wear it on the sleeve?
You solve this dubious riddle; I cannot.
I only know arithmetic holds good
With honest Indians and with first frontiers-
men,

But when the blessed wives and children come,
And cupboards come and schools and churches
come.

Arithmetic is twisted out of joint,
And strangers coming from communities
Where two times one is cubic four or more,
Oft have to be initiated ere
They understand frontier simplicity.

I tried to eat a bite or two, then said:
"The storm's a terror, hope it'll clear up soon."
He tried to eat a bite or two, then said:
"Is this what people live on in these moun-
tains?"

And I forget that when the storm was past
And all was sunshine, I would go to town
And swap my muskrat skins for flour and bacon.
And I forgot about the plenteous game,
The sport of hunters in the wintertime.
Like Peter when he "wist not what he said,"
I was confused and wist not what to say.

I quite forgot that frontier breadth of soul
Which rev'rences in all the tribes of men
Religion as the earth's most precious gem.

And impolitely to my guest I said:
"Remember, this is Christian Friday, Sir."

His face was pure disguise for Christendom,
A picture such as I have seldom seen,
A pleasing keen disgust which looked as large
As a Dakota evening mirage.

And since I am no stickler for church-fads,
I liked the picture, tho' 'twas 'gainst my creed.

If I was hell-judge, I'd set free from hell
Those who have cooked for others, and cooked
well.

"Blessed are the meek" (*id est*, the drudges),
"For they shall inherit the earth" (as slaves).

IS THERE A GOD?

Is there a God? Inscrutable!
There's some Great Soul invisible
Who does big things like God correct
While devilish ships o' state are wrecked.

He curses men who for the sake
Of their own greed will willing break
The Life-laws in the earth and sky,
And hope for heaven when they die.

To die, to die—a miracle!
Immortal Life inscrutable
Like God! and of the same design
For MEN, who die without a whine.

The earth is holy; love her, kiss her,
The saints in heaven above would miss her
If they awoke tomorrow morn
And earth, sweet holy earth, was gone.

Sweet little dewey flower, thou'rt Love,
And with my heart I love you so
That I could quit the heavens above
And anywhither with you go.

Note—In the old Sioux Indian sacred legends the name of Deity seldom appears. Where it does appear, it is evidently a modern interpolation. The Living Presence of Wakantanka (Deity) is assumed, implied and felt in everything. So He is not mentioned by name.)

THOUGH 'T'S DARK (3)

(Quotations are Indian)

“Though 't's dark a man's bare feet can sense
A road that leads up o'er a hill,”
Unless he's schooled to scorn his feet
And idolize an ill-made will.

Step-step, step-step, each step gives birth
To something more than WILL or NIL,
If man will only live a life
That helps a fellow go uphill.

Instead of shoeing baby's feet,
Best wash them in Life's dew more often,
For “Life-tides tingling in the feet
Will many a hurtful tumble soften.”
Each Living bairn must climb the hill,
“Life-bravery is more than all
In studied WILL and lazy NIL;”
And Faith and Hope and Charity.
“Be brave enough to meet despair;
Of course some time each man will fall,
What of it, Life is everywhere,
So listen when Life's voices call.”

And in Life's trail, uphill or down,
With desert sands or garden flowers,
"A man needs most a healthy hide
Bathed in the snows and summer showers."

(Note—Old Indians (till with the destruction, discouragement came), continuously bathed their feet in dew and snow, and their bodies in snow and rain and "sacred living watee." The purpose of this was more "to keep the perceptions keen" than to keep the body clean.)

TUNKANA'S SONG

(An old Indian woman (Tunkana) on the train in the seat with me sang, humming, the following song. I thought it was poetry and so I wrote it.)

I shall sing and my heart will be glad
When the roses are blooming again,
And the grass in the meadows is green
And the violets are blue in the glen.
I am looking and waiting till then,
I am waiting and watching till then.

I shall sing and my heart will be glad
Like the hearts of the birds and the dew,
In the land of the evening mirage
Where my poor crippled heart will be new.
I am looking and waiting till then,
I am waiting and watching till then.

I shall sing and my heart will be glad
With the spirits of dead men at rest,
In the land of the evening mirage,
Where the grandmother-spirits are blest.
I am looking and waiting till then,
I am waiting and watching till then.

(Note—Sioux Indians, more than some other Indians, were fond of flowers.)

THE CATHEDRAL

The Church is money. Steepled domes
No more smile heavenward; full of pride
They frown confusion o'er the homes
Of men whose lives are crucified.
The Head had better be in Rome
Than in New York, great Mammon's home.

Tall columns by the Altar² reared,
Inscribed with names of millionaires
Instead of simple saints endeared
To God and man—the heart despairs.
The Head had better be in Rome
Than in New York, great Mammon's home.

The pitying canopies above
Are wondering at the earth beneath,
For Mammon is devouring Love
And saints no more have space to breathe.
The Head had better be in Rome
Than in New York, great Mammon's home.

Wee little dewy flower,
So blessed and so shy;
Thou'rt dear to me, and for
My love for thee I'd die.

(Note—To depict the name of a man on a "sacred thing" seems sacreligious to Sioux Indians, yet images and pictures of saints (without names) are welcome to them, as representing Deity.)

OUTRE

I'd like to see mad cities gone,
Homes once more between the seas,
Holy earth and whispering dawn
Peaceful in the cooing breeze.

The truthful villages along
Wooded rivers, fields of corn
Truly worshipped, birds of song
Gleeful when a child is born.

Fond mothers singing lullabies
When their babies go to sleep,
Mother-hope that beautifies
Faces, even when they weep.

False teaching has at last become
Terror in the lives of men,
War is its delirium
Battling for Life's heart again.

False living has become outre,
Deadly to Life's Sanity,
When its selfish aims betray
God and God's humanity.

BIG JOE

(A frontier saloon scene)

Bill gazed and said,

“That man ain’t Joe—that’s Joe!

What ails Big Joe?

His face is white as snow,

He’s like a ghost,

And if the wind should blow

’Twould be the last

Of what is left of Joe;”

The others laughed,

For Joe was fat and plump,

And Joe could stand

Full many a thump and bump.

Yet drunken Bill

Said Joe was like a shade.

That’s what Bill saw,

No matter what Joe weighed.

An Indian said,

“Bill see Joe as he be

When he be old.

Wait lot more moons and see.”

And it was so.

I saw him thin and spare,

White faced and lean,

And with a ghostly stare.

And yet 'twas Joe,
 Brimfull of wit and grit,
Though old time vests
 Were hardly now a fit.

I think of this,
 This change which wan't a change;
And let my thought
 Through wider regions range.
A man at last,
 Can't see him with my eye;
They say: "He's dead,"
 Because he said: "Goodbye."

(Note—Bill, when intoxicated, had considerable of an Indian's ability to see a man as he will look when grown old.)

UNKIND HOUSES (4)

(Quotations are Indian)

It's pain-creating incongruity to me
To see a house outlive the builder's family tree;
Ancestral souls incarnate in the building gone,
While interlopers coming make or change a
lawn.

If there's no heir to keep the sacred hearth and
fire,
Tear down the house; dont sell it to a bastard
buyer.

Amer'can tearing down and building up—with
greed,
Or British interloping with a title-deed,
I'd sooner build myself a rough-log shack, or
try it,
Than like my British cousins, steal a house or
buy it.

Amer'cans do forget the thought of ancestry,
And Britons lack Amer'can crude sincerity.

Emotions native to an Indian's feeling mind
Make stolen bastard tepees seem to him unkind.
"When there's no more a living kinsman to in-
herit
A dead man's tepee, sacrifice it to his spirit."

GOD BLESS YOU

I don't believe in swearing
And too much "riproar tearing,"
And so I do not preach it
"God ('ll) damn you
If you don't see and teach it
Just as I do.

I do believe in fairies
Beyond where pain and care is,
And so my priestly prayer is,
"God ('ll) bless you,
Howe'er like mine your share is
Comfortless too.

Each creature's heaven is somewhere,
Tho for a while he must bear
His task in this world's living,
While fairie-songs are whispering,
Hope tomorrow.

Plunge deeper in Life's sorrow,
Go neath the waves and borrow
More heartaches till the heart breaks,
For't can't endure it.
The heart aches? Well, more heartaches,
That will cure it.

DREAMING OF THE GREAT THUNDERBIRD

(Indian)

Do you know that the flowers are dreaming
Till the lightnings above them are gleaming
And the Thunderbird comes with his Word,
For they dream of the great Thunderbird.

 Come away, we will hunt for the Bird
 And we'll ask him to lend *us* his Word,
 And we'll borrow the Lightnings far gleam-
 ing

 To awaken the world from its dreaming.

Do you know that the eagles are flying
And the people are dreaming and dying,
Till the Thunderbird comes with his Word,
For they dream of the great Thunderbird.

 Come away, we will hunt for the Bird
 And we'll ask him to lend *us* his Word,
 And we'll borrow the Lightnings far gleam-
 ing

 To awaken the world from its dreaming.

Or if not, we will pray that our dreaming
May be one with the Lightnings far gleaming,
And may carry us upward so far
That we'll live in a beautiful star.

Come away, we will hunt for the Bird
And we'll ask him to lend *us* his Word,
And we'll borrow the Lightnings far gleam-
ing

To awaken the world from its dreaming.

(Note—Observing that in the springtime plant life does not flourish on the earth, Indians conclude that all things on the earth, including people, need the awakening, healthgiving inspiration of the Thunderbird.)

SUNSET KALEIDOSCOPE

(At Cannon Ball, N. D., Feb. 11, 1911)

Ethereal saffron colors pore,
Beneath the almost setting sun,
Across the western snow all o'er
The vastness in the western skies.

(LATER)

A rising yellow rim is seen
Across the vastness in the east,
It soon becomes a purplish sheen,
A rising, floating tidal sea.

(LATER)

The sun has gone beneath the snow,
The east, northeast and north and west
With varying colors are aglow,
And wondrously magnificent.

(LATER)

Now rims of almost every hue
Are floating, mingling o'er the earth.
The zenith is translucent blue,
The west is like a flame of fire.

(LATER)

It's night. The sunset lights are gone.
One-windowed shacks show candlelights,
That star I love begins to peep.
I'll stir the fire, it's bitter cold.

THE OLD MISSOURI RIVER

(A glance, not a government survey)

The old Missouri pleases me,
Gay lawless queen o' waterstreams,
And virtuous too, if virtue be
The lawless things we do in dreams.
She takes her cue from her own heart
And boldly loves illegal art.

The queen o' western fairies, name her,
And let her do her lawless tricks.
'Twould be too bad for man to tame her
With sheriffs in her bailiwicks.
Let her be free and let her roam
From snowy founts to ocean foam.

Just for a prank once in a while
She's rather thick to navigate,
And then she builds a fairy isle
For greedy men to cultivate.
But on the whole it's all in vain
To plow a fairy isle for gain.

"Her sacred waters have a charm.

Good medicine," old Indians tell,

"Great Spirit made them for a balm

To cure a man or keep him well."

Let her be free forever, free

From snowy founts to foaming sea.

"If there are no gods but God and the devil,
who made the Missouri River?"

(An old frontier saying)

DEANS

"The Dean" had a waddle in North Dakota
As if he owned a townsite in Manitoba.
A "Dean" is dean for life, or else no "Dean,"
As wifeing makes her wife, or else its sin.
This side of Canada "Deans" come and go,
As brooks go dry, then take a hunch to flow.
So "Deans" and those who have been "Deans"
must waddle,
And show they're "Deans" by deanish runeful
twaddle.
The Dean of Westminster's above the Bishop,
Beside the Dean, by his permit, the Bishop;
(I mean when he's in deandom spick and span.)
This side of Canada a dean's a man,
Forgets the townsite waddle—if he can,
Forgets the deanish twaddle—if he can,
Sometimes becomes a faithful clergyman,
Attends, as best he can, to duties given
Till, like a citizen, he goes to heaven.

THE PAINTED DEMON

(Indian)

Alone out in a sunny plain,
In generations long ago,
There lived a "holy man" (a saint).
At last a painted demon came,
His eyes with northern light aglow,
His face smeared o'er with northern paint.

To plague the praying "holy man"
The demon ate his every prayer.
E'en when he prayed inaudible,
Until the "holy man" began
A prayer: "I pray the Sun to spare,
If sparing him is possible,
This painted demon. Cure his head
And make him humble, though he's damned
(sica).

The demon choked, felt sick and fled.
Humility was like coarse sand
For him to eat, unsavory.

The demon came a few times more
To eat up what the man would pray,
But when he prayed "Humility,"
The demon's throat became too sore
To swallow, and he fled away—
So people learned humility.

(Note—Old Indians made much of humility (igluhukuni-ciye) and charity (wacantkiye). They failed in the exercise of these virtues somewhat, as whitepeople do, though their social system made practical charity more strictly necessary than it is in the whitemen's "civilization." There are several legends regarding demons or evil spirits (wanagi sica).

TO A MAPLE LEAF

(Under a maple tree before a schoolhouse, my little girl playmate and I were eating a dinner of corncake. She put a maple leaf into my primer, saying: "When you see it, think of me." A few days later she died. Many years later I saw the maple leaf, and wrote this poem.)

Sweet maple leaf, I look and sigh
Beholding earth and heaven in this
One leaf whose native glory, shy
And pleasing, in a world of bliss.

Delicious fragrance, darling hues
Entuning notes of lyric joy,
How could my hand this leaf abuse,
Or any native gem destroy!

And when I see you falling low,
In autumn garb divinely glowing,
The fire of noontide, faint and slow,
Will find all shadows softer growing.

TO A PLAYFUL SNAKE

(Indians have no idea of a sacred curse on snakes. They (especially Arikaras) do have an idea of a sacred curse on dogs.)

Poor creature—most of all despised and hated
By men! Nor have the Christian years abated
Thy storied blame.—
Still creeping in the dust,
Poor thing! I pity thee for thy great shame.

Ah, maybe gentler moons are now arising,
To rectify our blameful false surmising,
And some sweet day,
Than other days more just,
The agelong curse on thee will pass away.

Come here, sweet creature, coil about my arm
In play—thy people ne'er have done me harm;
I've played with them
And heard their breathing, hushed
Like spirit-breath, inaudible to men.

A WOMAN AIN'T (5)

(Quotations are Indian)

"Whate'er a man is, a woman ain't;"
Her hearty-pleading, is Life's own plaint.
The world has raped her, and she is mad,
So "what a man is," be 't mad or glad,
 "A woman ain't.

Whate'er her soul is, her fads and fancies,
Life-laws forbid her to be as man is.
She's ne'er contented, she's all progressive,
A man's contented, to *live*, to *live*—
 A woman ain't.

She's Nature's darling, she's love-responsive,
She feeds on Lovetides, she must to live.
If Lovetides fool her, she's out of tune—
A man to Lovetides is half immune;
 A woman ain't.

Alone the Indian can worship Life—
But "*she's Life mother*, tho' she is wife,"
And "she can't worship alone as man can;"
For what a man is by Natures man-plan,
 A woman ain't.

“The Sun, our Father, in the blue dome,
Ne’er made a tepee, ne’er made a home,
And all his journeys make naught his own;
Like him, a man is content to roam,
A woman ain’t.

Whitewomen’s castles, to keep Life out,
Don’t suit their nature, and they will pout
Till they destroy them, and with true fancies
Have built what they are; for “what a man is
A woman ain’t.”

(Note—While among Indians women are more like men than they are among whitepeople, yet is vividly realized that there is a fundamental and essential difference between female and male.)

"WHY SHOULD I?"

(A study of an Indian maiden)

"Why should I—even I—
Why should I-i—even I-i—
Let my poor heart be sad—
Let my p-oo-r—H-e-a-r-t—be sad—
Because of that bad boy." (Last line rushing.)
'Twas in the Turtle Mountains,
Out west from Lake Itaska,
Just south from Manitoba.
With desp'rate maddened heart and soul
An Indian maiden sang bceanth an oaktree
Beside the waters in a mountain lake.
And in the lake, inviting her to plunge
With outstretched arms, she saw her "other
self,"
Strange "other self," as Indians call the self
In shadow-forms portrayed, in answering
echoes,
In mnemographic picture-scrolls abiding,
In living songs composed t' avenge a wrong,
In garments eager hands have deftly made;
The "other self" of some dear relative
A long, long way from home and hast'ning
home,
Arriving home some days ahead of him,

So friends behold this "other self" and sing
A "home-return-song" while he's coming home;
The "other self" that goes far off in dreams,
Or in a state that's much akin to dreams;
The "other self" in what a heart has loved,
Especially where a "holy man" has prayed;
In totems by the aid of spirits made,
In voices that live on when lips are sealed.
So many living various souls in self
That one can't hardly know he is a self,
Unless he feels a narrowing sense of pain,
For joy in beast or man or God blends self
With all whate'er a self can know and feel.

This Indian maiden's "other self" in water.
A pleading living person like herself,
Was calling her with sympathy to come,
Enticing her to plunge and hush from pain
Her agonizing, scorned, rejected self.

In ecstasy before the plunge she sang.
The song would live for many a day,
Pursuing him whose scorn was killing her.
And then, as if to bid this life farewell,
She sang once more in wilder, higher notes.
And now the zephyrs brought the forest echo,
Her throbbing, quavering vocal "other self"

Repeating with precision what she sang.
She sang by phrases, harked to hear the echo—

“Why should I?” A startling tone replied.
“Even I-i?” A painful aching tone;
It softened her hysteria, I thought,
As if a mother’s kiss had touched her voice.
And yet ’was gentler, more ethereal *terror*;
For when an Indian woman’s heart is mad
Her voice, high keyed, is soft as softest ether,
And in it there’s a magic tone of terror.
“Let my p-oo-r h-e-a-r-t,”—Abandonment.
“Be s-a-d.” Pathetic longing without hope,
Then with a startling rush she sang the phrase:
“Because of that bad boy.” The rushing echo
Seemed to be a spearhead thrust to kill.
I almost saw its victim bleed and die,
While maddened laughter sang of sweet re-
venge.
And this gave sudden change to her mad mood;
For when she heard the note of her revenge
She wailed, one might have heard it half a mile.

It’s native to the human heart to wail
Till cultured souls restrained by city laws,
Give up spontaneous moods that keep folks
sane,

And lose the poise that barely saves despair.
Between her "other self" the vocal echo
And her mute "other self" in living water
She hesitated, swayed as leaves are swayed
When shaken by the wind.—She did not plunge.
Her "other self," the echo, held her back.
Exhausted in the dubious painful poise
'Tween this world's life and death, she shrieked
and fell.

It's thus with all of us. Man's "other self"
In vocal echoes wafted in the winds,
In pleasing institutions he has loved,
In all whate'er his handicraft has built,
In strong desire to see what is in store
For things the genius of his race has done,
In honored ancestry, in living friends,
In all that's precious for posterity,—
These are the cords that tie men to this world.
They far outweigh the dubious "other self"
That calls to plunge, else when the heart is sore
With pain beyond endurance, men would
plunge.

The elements of this world's mechanism
In man's own structure clutch him here so
strong
That suicide's almost impossible.

It's not religion, bravery and hope
Alone that tilt the quavering scales this way.
It's clutching law in man's own mechanism.
So men stay here until they have to go.

And he who lives the universal Life,
'Tween death and living he can have no choice;
To him, to live is Life, to die no gain,
Unless t' escape what's more'n his share of pain.

Life's holy hither hand has writ the task,
A plunge can't lessen by one whit the task,
And painless ones who've plunged to quit the
task
Are hopeless, pleading for Life's pain again,
And longing for the tasks with living men.

I nearer drew, for I was watching her,
Intending if she plunged to rescue her.
She softly breathed. I wondered if she
dreamed.

This tells in brief what I alertly saw,
And wondered what 'twould tell me of Life's
law.

THE SONG OF THE HOODED VIOLET

AND

THE REPLY OF "THE MOTHER"

The Violet (singing and dreaming) :
Who kisses me upon my brow
With darling lips my dreams allow
 So tenderly
 So soothingly?

"The Mother" (singing) :
'Tis but your mother's balmy kiss
 Ere you awake with striving men,
And painful find the way to bliss,
 When you despair I'll come again.

(Note—If a man (not a woman) hears the blue hooded violet singing, he immediately plucks the singing flower, so its soul will go back to the heart of its mother in "holy earth." If he did not do this the violet-soul would at once become the soul of a girl-baby born that moment somewhere in the world. And he and this girl-baby would both be wretched till they meet and talk together, in this life or in the other life. A legend tells how a man one time did not pluck the flower, and how, after long wanderings, he found the girl and went away somewhere with her in a boat. But nobody knows where they went, or where they are now.)

THERE ARE (6)

(Quoted phrases are from Indian lore)

“There are men who will stick-fast and help,
There are men who will stick-fast and hurt,
There are cowardly dogs who will yelp,
There are dogs who will never desert.”

“There are women whose strong love will hold,
There are women whose heartbeats are cold,
There are virtues a plenty untold,
There are lies that have lived to grow old.”

“There are fools who have studied in schools,
There are babes who are born to be fools,
There are Whitemen and Indians like mules,
There’s confusion with too many rules.”

“But the best thing of all is a man
Who don’t strut like a bear in the clan
And don’t carry an eaglewing fan,
So’s to make himself big if he can.”

Sign, sing, ye watersprings.
Softy through the dells;
Angels, fly with softer wings,
Softly ring, ye bells.

(Note—Indians do not fancy the Scriptural text about the Gospel winnowing-fan. They say regarding it: “Wos-kiske kage”—“It is a fellow who splits the community.”)

THE RAINBOW DOOR

A house appeared, not in the air
Or on the earth, and where it was
I know not, but the house was fair
To look upon, as Nature was
A rainbow doorway opened wide.
Out came a man and what his name
I know not. Others by his side
He saw not, cared not for their fate.

Then afterward, an age or more,
I looked and saw this man alone,
A skeleton before the door;
He was all gone but life and bone;
And he was clawing at the door,
Sometimes he shrieked with fancied fear,
Sometimes he swooned, then 'woke once more;
And thus he'd been for many a year.

I, pitying, shouted: "Read the sign!"
He heard not. O'er this door was writ:
"Once opened, closed all aftertime."
But he'd no eyes for reading it,
Save life and bone he was all gone;
Sluffed off the good and ill he'd done,
Sluffed off the hopes he'd had and lost,
Sluffed off the dubious race he'd run.

This anxious being, gaunt and thin,
 Had not a foible or a sin.
If he could find the way within
 The tenants there would welcome him.
Yet he would have his own sweet way,
 He would not, could not try to find
Another doorway, so for aye
 He clawed about the rainbow door.

MRS. SHREW AND HER HUSBAND

Mrs. Shrew

Why is it that a man wants a woman to pet,
And does not pet the rose in the dell?
Tell me why ever man wants a woman to love,
And cannot love the lily as well?

Her Husband

Ah, the heart of a man truly touches Life's heart
When in touch with a lover's fond heart;
For by Nature's Life-plan her fond heart can
impart
What the rose and the lily cannot.
So if Prudence requires that your hand shall
be gloved,
Your warm heart 'gainst my heart needn't be
faint;
For Life-law is fulfilled when a lover is loved
Without Prudence to give love restraint.

Mrs. Shrew

Oh, how tall a man seems when his loving is
true,
And how small when his loving is false;
So unless virtuous loving is prudent in you,
It will lessen, not strengthen, Life's pulse.

It is love without raping, or else it is hell
Which takes all things, and gives nothing
back;
Virtuous Prudence should teach you that lov-
ing pell-mell
May leave bairns for regret in its track.

Her Husband

Ah, it's Caution and Prudence engender much
strife,
It's damned Prudence and Caution make hell.
And I swear by the rose and the lily, my wife
Should forget both, and love me pell-mell.
Is there virtue in Prudence, or Caution in Life?
It's cold Prudence creates the cold twain.
And I swear by the tone of the tomtom and fife,
It's cold Prudence that makes loving vain.

THE MOST "BEASTLY BUGGER"

If a lordly king or courtly bishop comes to take
By lordliness the home you love so well, and
make

You feel his lordly burly bigness, be a man;
Endure his hurly-burly bigness, if you can,
For in the world there's many another "beastly
bugger."

If a poodle-petting in-law comes and "swipes"
your home

Which patient, soulful handicraft has made
your own,

Don't "cuss" the poodle-loving creature, be a
man,

Though old-maid in-laws are askew in Nature's
plan,

For in the world there's many another "beastly
bugger."

If a chirping little flickertail or dancing mouse
Comes saucily for bread and butter in your
house,

Why, give each "beastly bugger" half a piece of
bread

If he will promise not to steal more'n half your
bed,
For in the world there's many another "beastly
bugger."

Just remember, we are beasts and birds of the
same feather,
Some suited to the springtime; some to frosty
weather,
Some peaceable and some inclined to stretch
their tether;
Yet restrain yourself from too much "cussin"
this and t'other,
For in the world there's many another "beastly
bugger."

And in every hill and dale I know 'neath the
blue dome
Some ardent creature makes each crack and
nook its home
Till man, of all the beasts most "beastly bug-
ger, tears
Each creature's home with horns and hoofs and
cutting shares,
For man, of all the beasts, is the most "beastly
bugger."

A bore is a man who has thought without seeing,

Without seeing and feeling Life-facts,
And his thinking's gone dry, so one half of his
being

With the dryness of thinking half cracks.

TO WAKAN-SICA

(Wakan-Sica is rather erroneously translated "devil."
By old Indian thought, Wakan-Sica can, if he will, help
people.)

O De'il, may 't please your exc'lency,
Pray quit your pranks, and manfully,
With subtle wisdom you possess,
Assist the poise of righteousenss,
For right is in bad plight today.

The clerks, no doubt, exaggerate
Your total badness, and your fate,
And as the day includes the night,
God needs you battling for the right,
For right is in bad plight today.

And since we all must pull together
In sunny days and wint'ry weather,
We pray you quit your boyish pranks
And join the "get-together" ranks,
For right is in bad plight today.

There's no use lugging oldtime grudges
Till we're worn out, and being drudges
For naught. It's better to relieve
The wrongs that honest effort grieve,
For right is in bad plight today.

DEFENDERS

(Written at the time of the British conscription, 1916)

If maddened waves attack the strand
To steal away the people's land,
Or pirates make a cruel war,
Whate'er they say the war is for,
I cannot see good reason why
Defenders should not fight and die.

If Winter drives blest Summer back
With desolation in his track
Till Summer, full of merry might,
Retrieves the battle for the right,
I cannot see good reason why
Defenders should not fight and die.

Brave Britons have an island home
Which love in toil has made their own;
They love each nook and sunny place
Where home is mirrored in each face.
If foemen come, pray tell me why
Brave Britons should not fight and die?

A FALSE FALLING STAR

Full too often I've seen a gay lassies' fair face
And above it two eyes full of wit
But a man's love for her could go only so far
Till he saw it would be a misfit.
It was lovely at first, but 'twas only so far
Till he saw her, a false falling star.

And he did not require that a brow full of
 brains
Should consent to become his own bride,
But he did want a woman with womanly aims,
Just two equal free souls side by side.
It was lovely at first, but 'twas only so far
Till he saw her, a false falling star.

When the lassie he married did leave him, Oh!
 Oh!
For she found him too simply inclined;
Then he bade her adieu with a sigh and a
 prayer
For the brainier man she would find.
It was lovely at first, but 'twas only so far
Till he saw her, a false falling star.

I like to look at a flower
A flower the way God made it,
With nothing to parade it,
With nothing to upbraid it,—
Just a flower, a God-made flower.

T' WORK AN' BOOST

Not far away I know two farms,
Each farmer has good legs and arms,
One has a plenty, some to spare,
The other's farm would make you swear.
One's motto is "T' work an' boost,"
The other likes to shirk and roost.

I asked the first one: "How y' comin'?"
He, "Well, the crops is just a-hummin',
All's wantin', Sirs, t' get 'em cut,
Dakota beats Connecticut.
My motto is 'T' work an boost,'
Not set an' hug the wheatecrop roost."

I, "Be the bankers screwin' you?"
He, "Money sharks can't ruin you
If you have corn an' dairy cows,
Alfalfa colts an' Yorkshire sows.
My motto is 'T' work an' boost,'
Not set an' hug the wheatecrop roost."

I, "Be y' goin' to vote this fall?"
He, "Well, maybe, but after all
It's tweedle-dee an' tweedle-dum,
An' 't keeps a fellow guessin' some.
My motto is 'T' work an' boost,'
Not set an' hug the wheatecrop roost."

I, "Well, maybe you'll vote for me,
It's tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."
He, "Well, maybe, you're quite a man,
Say, be y' a 'Nonpartisan?'
My motto is 'T' work an' boost,'
Not set an' hug the wheatecrop roost."

TILL THE TOMTOM COMES (8)

Three hundred Indian tents a jovial circle form,
And all outside the circle jovial horses neigh,
The people are in jovial moods from earliest
dawn

Till gliding amber clouds are gone at close
of day.

“Wana,” the old blind herald, loudly calls and
quick,

The place’s forsaken, there’s no human voice
or tone

Or trace of people, save perhaps a half-burned
stick

And here and there a tentpin hole and bleach-
ing bone.

And yet there’s joy, children, pups and all re-
joice

And laugh together in the forward moving
train,

Unmindful of the desolated town whose voice
Is silent, dreaming till the tomtom comes
again.

It's thus with cities built with parapet and wall,
Tho' days go slower when the world takes on
a rush,

At last there is no man to hear mans' bugle call,
There's earth and sky and rain and day-
dawn's purple blush.

“GIVE AND YE SHALL RECEIVE”

It's drink for drink and tit for tat
When drinks go 'round, remember that,
For all we take we'll have to give
A measureful if you'n I live.
Some people think they don't believe
When they see Nature all qui vive,
It's all qui vive, remember that,
A bear, a badger or a rat.
It's give and take, it's hide for hide,
It's love and tears for groom and bride,
It's drama and the more you give
The more you'll weep, the more you'll live.
It's tit for tat, it's drink for drink,
No matter how you love to think,
For Life is long and Love is true,
And Life and Love are old and new,
And there's no veto on Life's plan,
Howe'er ill-luck may hit a man.

SHE MUST BECOME A BRIDE (9)

(Quotations are Indian. One cannot be quite certain with what Indian tribe any saying or legend originated.)

“As now and then a brilliant ear of corn is seen
More noble than the others, so it is with men.
And tho’ the nubbins are as sacred as the ears
And often whine disconsolate like winter spirits
If women scorn to pluck them in the harvest-
time,
Yet “holy ones” revealed it to our ancestors
That what is best in corn and men shall be for
seed.”

“Nobility in menfolks makes them wish to wed,
Nobility in maidens always lacks due poise;
It makes them feel aloof from the community;
Nobility in mothers gives them sympathy.”

(Mandan Indian)

“A man or wolf knows what he wants,
And when he gets it he is glad.
A maiden dont’ know what she wants,
She must have guidance, or she’s sad.”

(Hunkpati Sioux Indian. The wolf is the prince of hunters, and he is notoriously happy.)

“There was an Indian maiden, stately, full of
pride,

And she, like many another maiden, would not
wed.

She would not be a bride, tho' faithful mothers
said

That in her structure there was no impediment.
And in her disposition no 'great holiness'
Precluding her from marrying a chosen mate
And giving her own flesh and blood and soul to
babes."

"So all the people said, 'She must become a
bride,

And do a mother's share to populate the tribe,
The medicine men must humble her and break
her pride,'

For when a stripling courted her she tossed her
head

And pertly said, 'I do not wish to be a bride.'
The medicinemen decided who should marry
her,

For with most stately bearing she rejected all,
And said. 'I will not be a slave to babes.'"

With oldtime Indians, parents were their chil-
dren's slaves,

They gratified their every whim if possible.

They did not scold or ferrule them, or force
the mind,

They did not bend the twig to make the tree in-
clined.

They simply let them see, and hear, and learn,
and grow,

While, as they thought, each younger brood
would come to know,

By free, uncramped volition, and Great Spirit's
help,

Much more than pleading, wistful ancestors had
known.

Yet, as I've seen it, children when grown up
were kind,

And in their tender childhood years were well
behaved.

They were alert to see and hear and treasure up
Each most minutest word and custom in their
race.

"My father did it so," "My uncle told me so,"

"Our mothers' mothers taught us this, and so
it's right,"

"A child will see its mother's footsteps in the
dew

Before its toddling little feet will leave a track
With odor in it for the animals to follow,"

"Old people told this story, so we know it's true."

To Indian minds this is the rev-rent end of it,
While those who've been for years their children's willing slaves
Are almost worshipped by their children in old age.

"But for a youth or maiden not to wish to be
A willing slave to offspring is abominable.
And this proud maiden full of maidenly stateliness,
Must be a slave to babes, or be abominable.
She must become a bride, or fail to link herself
With the community in its posterity.
And yet, by sacred law, her mind must not be forced,
So this dilemma was a task for medicinemen."

"'Tomorrow Daydawn she will be my bride,' he said,
'The medicinemen will humble her and she will wed.'
'Twas so. They made the sacred fire and chanted hymns
Between the waterspring and this proud maiden's tent;

They beat the tomtom softly while she slept and
dreamed,
And while the music with her dreams was soft-
ly blent,
Her stately mind toward matrimonial thought
was bent."

No one who has not heard the tomtom's native
thrill
While he was softly sleeping in the twilight
hours,
Can realize its power to glide into a dream,
And with its tone to hypnotize a maiden's will.

"She comes, the stately maiden, and more state-
ly now,
She slowly moves along the path' wi-han-mde.
Her eyes can see, she steps o'er limbs of fallen
trees;
Her heart is quivering with the thought of mat-
rimony,
And like the face of sacred Daydawn she is
smiling,
For in her morning dream she wished to be a
bride.

O she's affectionate and she is affable
As Sprigtime is when broken loose from win-
tery realms
And coming full of sunny flowers and singing
grass.

And when the stately maiden reached the sacred
fire,
While modulated tomtom music charmed the
air,
She threw the blanket scanty covering her away
As thoughtlessly as tottling bearcubs leap and
play.
In all her movements, pleasing smiles and
thoughtless poise,
There was no word or act to show unchastity.
And then she danced around the sacred fire five
times,
In honor of each one of the five medicinemen
Who kept her in the e'er increasing wedding
mood
With modulated tomtom music soft and clear."

"And when the time had come for her to give
consent
They called her lover hiding out behind a log,

And she did greet him, coming with such
maid'nly love
As honest Indian maidens only have and show.
Then with the stately maiden's full and free
consent,
Lest 'wak'ning she might change her mind and
cast him off,
He consummated love, as he and she desired,
With the five honored medicinemen as witnesses."

"And then she 'woke, and realized she was a
bride,
For if she now recanted from the wedding bond
She'd be esteemed an outcast and abominable."

If one can realize the Earth's most pleasing
dawn
Transformed into an agonizing charnel house,
He'll picture to his mind what's quite inadequate
To tell the change from perfect joy to grim
despair
Which overcame this maiden's face and countenance
When she awoke and realized she was a bride.
And yet her "other self," her inner, truer self,

Had gladly wished it so with full and free consent;

Unlike full many a stately cultured maid who weds

A youth among whitepeople for his property,
Or for his ancestry although he is a runt,
Blaspheming her true "other self" which shieks
in protest.

"She shrieked as March winds shriek when
Winter tries in vain

With petty 'second winters' coming to regain
The flowery summer climate full of pleasing
sunshine.

Then tenderly he led her, shrieking, to his tent.
He had a goodly tent, he was industrious,
And he loved her with all the ardor in his heart.
Her shrieking echoed through the forests far
and wide

While neighbors 'wakening from their sleeping,
said:

'The stately maiden has at last become a bride,
And it is better so; she must become a bride.'

And many Indian maidens, yet in tender years,
With blankets o'er their faces and their quivering
hearts

Were full of shyness when they woke and heard
her wailing.

And yet they envied her because her noble mate
Was far more manly than the mates whom they
would wed.

And mothers wept with sympathy, and yet they
said,

‘It’s better she should wed, she must become a
bride

And do a mother’s share to populate the tribe.’”

“And ere one moon was passed her pleasing
matron smile

Was proof as strong as can be of her happiness.

And when a baby boy was born to her

Her smile was like the Daydawn, full of love
and cheer,

And in the tribe she did a faithful mother’s
share.

Her maid’nly stateliness became a mother’s
charm

For soothing sorrow in full many a mother’s
heart.

And she it was, they say, who made the sacred
phrase:

‘A mother’s smile is better than a maiden’s
pride.’”

“Sleep, baby, sleep and dream,
Sleep, sleep, dream dream.
Dream till the prairie rose
Is pink and morning glows;
Dream till the creatures of the night
Are gone and morn is bright.
Sleep, baby, sleep and dream,
Baby darling, sleep and dream.”

THE MATING DANCE (9)

(Our Maypole dance is very likely a survival of a Mating Dance is gone by ages. Quotations are Indian. The thought is entirely Indian.)

"A darling day it is today, earth-spirits 'rise
And woe the waiting spirits in the springtide
skies."

Old Indians call this season "we-tu," Lifetide-
time.

It seems to me like poetry that needs no rhyme.

"The soulful birds are singing lovelore gayety,
So let us love with earth-and-sky-born purity,
For springtide, lovetide spirits in the earth and
air

Decide to join each couple in a wedded pair."

"Let old folks join us in the merry lovetide
mirth

While holy mother instinct, longing to give birth
To gleeful little brighteyed offsprings in the
tribe

Makes every limping matron feel that she's a
bride."

"Ha-ha, best joy of earth,
Ha, procreation mirth."

"Today is lovetide-time for procreation meant;
The winter-breathing, storm-creating winds are
 spent,
The springtide, Lifetide earth-and-sky-born
 souls long pent
With wintertime are with the springtide spirits
 blent."

"Ho-ho, it's Suntime law that creatures are all
 born,
The sunflowers, squashes, pumpkins, beans and
 sacred corn;
Each creature has the selfsame procreation joy,
A turtle, deer, or bear, a buffalo or boy."

"By making hearts to other hearts by love in-
 cline,
Great Spirit makes his world of creatures all
 divine.
It's all divine, the heart's incline is all divien,
Great Spirit gives each ardent heart its true in-
 cline."

"And ravenous wolves cannot pursue the baby
 fawn,
Whose tiny feet leave tracks as scentless as the
 dawn,

But when a creature gets its mighty limb or
wing,
It's scorned unless it is a self-defending thing."

So tenderest love and coldest cruelty combine
To make the lovetide Lifetide creatures all di-
vine.

THE LILAC LADY

There's a lady apparelled in lilac, tinged
With a flame like the soul of gold.
And her wondrous apparel is strangely fringed
With the Tyrian purple of old.

In the garden she laughs, but more often she
 weeps,
And whene'er I approach she is gone;
So I'm always perplexed with emotions as deep
As the river of love in the dawn.

And I know it full well that her strange heart
 desires
Some atonement I *cannot* give;
And she knows it full well that her *living* re-
quires
That myself, the old gardner, shall live.

"If our lives should be blended," I hear her say,
 "Then the life of the lilac would moan,
Unless he by some magic can find out the way
 Through the lilac's own life to my own."

There is one thing I've learned from her cruel
forfend,
That the laws of Life-living forbid
E'en with love to approach, if "they twain" are
to blend,
For Life's way is a *tertium quid*.

(Note—Indians say, "If husband and wife have their attention on each other all the time, like geese, it makes a split (woskiske). But if both are eagerly attentive to something outside of themselves (children, things in nature, etc.) it makes harmony (okonwanjila.)

THE BIRD AND THE PUP

She was bound that her husband should let her
 Belittle his none too great wit.
She required that her husband should pet her
 While she did not pet him a bit.

By his nature his love was most zealous,
 Ah, *she* had no love in her breath,
And she didn't know how to be jealous,
 But she knew how to starve love to death.

So the coils of her feelings were inward,
 Her prayers, like the trees, went UP,
But his worship was earthly and kin-ward,
 And *he* seemed to *her* like a pup.

So unblended their souls grew asunder,
 She did not grow OUT, she grew UP.
So at last it is hardly a wonder
 That *she* was a bird, *he* a pup.

The loveliest thing in all the earth,
Surpassingly beyond all mirth,
Is Love, true Love, immortal Love,
Which loves just simply 'cause 'tis Love.

THANK GOD FOR WATER (7)

"Thank God for water, that is free,"
And overlords and deviltry
Cannot destroy the waterstream
Where woodland fairies love to dream.

Men sell their souls in cities, they
Are worse than asses born to bray
In cornfields when the dinner horn
Calls home the freemen plowign corn.

Don't bray, be brave, they can't kill YOU,
Or steal the lyric morning dew
All o'er the glad earth's dewey gown,
Whate'er o' greed, howe'er they frown.

Dear "mother earth," remember me,
For I can feel your heart of glee
Still beating softly 'mid the woe
That crushes men and women low.

I know a man who stands the test
In this world's damning strife is blest.
I know that manliness is best.
Leave some things to the Lord, and rest.

I'D SOONER

I'd sooner give a piece of bread
To an old man before he's dead
Than sing of that "Sweet Bye and Bye"
For chosen ones up in the sky.

I'd sooner help my mother here
When age and pain bring many a tear,
Thang sing of "New Jerusalem,"
With many a star and many a gem.

What is it to be Christian? Just
To realize in common dust
And common living deeds and prayers
The gems which Nature's living wears.

We long for distant heavenly things
Because we miss the things nearby,
But *living* needs not eagle's wings,
It's large and broad and deep and high.

CRIED TILL SHE DIED

(Indian tale)

The Captain stole a little Indian boy,
And for his own devil-helping joy,
He put him onto a speckled pony
And had him there for a "mascot" crony.
He gave the boy to his pale-faced bride.
The boy's own mother cried till she died,
And weeping made her Indian cheeks swollen.
Full many a time she called out while dying:
"Where is my boy? Go tell him I'm crying;
Tell him to come, for I'm waiting for him,
My heart, my whole heart, is breaking for him."

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

The Whiteman with his belly full,
The Indian starving, both or which?
The Indian "haint no Congress pull,"
And so he is "a son of a witch."

The fittest men survive? O hell!
Before the men with firearms came
Full many a man in many a dell
Was fit enough, then where's the blame?

If powder-force be reckoned in
In weighing fitness, we admit
Peace-loving men are full of sin,
Unfit "to suck the Congress tit."

The strongest men survive, O-ho!
The damndest men survive, A-ha!
For measuring worth and counting sin
We need a better discipline.

THE MYSTIC CIRCLE (10)

(Quotations are Indians. The thought is about all Indian)

Sev'n Indians sitting on "the holy earth
That lives for aye while people pass away"
Were in a mystic circle, silently.
Around a "sacred rock," Iyan Wakan.
And on the "sacred rock" were images,
"Prophetic birds" and "holy cedar trees,"
And olden villages by waterstreams,
And dancing people in a merry group,
And buffalo tracks and many other things.
All pictures were sincere simplicity.

And "often when the daytime Sun shines right,
The faces of these images are bright.
And when the hither clouds are dark and sad
The faces of these images are sad.
"They picture happy days of long ago,"
Ere Indians heard the Whiteman's bugle blow.

"These images will never fade away,
God made them and they live for aye and aye.
Though rocks may crumble into windblown
dust,
The faces of these sacred images
Will reappear on other rocks again."

While pleasing rains and summers come and
go,
And winter whirlwinds come with frost and
snow,
The faces of these pictures dimmer grow.
Like distant olden ages, all we see
Is blent at last with Life's ternity.

And spirits lingering with us for awhile,
They too go hence with Life's great caravan."
As with a flower, e'en so it is with man.

Who mourns for stately cities past and gone?
Who'll grieve when cities of today are gone?
The faithful dawn and "holy earth" remain,
And with simplicity there's less of pain.

Yet images of birds and waterstreams
And cedar trees and flowers and villages
And tracks of animals in dewey grass,
And dancing people in a merry group,
All these sweet facial forms appeal to us,
These are the things that live for aye and aye.

And if they disappear in windblown dust
They reappear again on "sacred rocks."
For Nature's first-born sweet simplicity
Is everlasting like eternity.

"These images, not made by human hands,
Are living souls to testify of God
And universal immortality.
They sing their messages with voiceless 'ton.'"

The Lifetide soulful picture of a man,
A tree, a flower, a river or a song,
Or any other creature is its "ton,"
Whose Life-tide music has no need of words,
Whose soulful heartbeats have no need of love,
It's Life complete and it is Life for aye.

But objects disharmonious with Life
In their false mechanism are void of 'ton."
They tumble down and vanish in decay,
Though each component part has living "ton"
Which has full freedom when the thing grotesque
Is tumbled down and vanished in decay,
For "ton" is soulful Life, the Indians say.

Sev'n Indians in the mystic circle prayed.
There must be sev'n to make the mystic group,
Though if a Whiteman has the Indian "ton,"
As Indians think, he may be one of them."
They prayed: "Thou daytime Sun who passest
o'er,
Beholding hither clouds and trees and flowers,

And birds that fly and souls of creatures gone,
And men upon the earth, and animals,
And pleasing summertime, and winter storms,
And all the countless creatures day by day,
Bear witness to our minds' sincerity."

"Enlighten our dark minds with thy pure light
Till we are perfect light as thou art light;
So may our souls and bodies no more cast
Dark shadows parented by us and light."

"And may the shadows we have parented,
The ill-made offsprings we have foolish made,
Because we were not perfect light like Thee,
May they come back to us ere we go hence,
May thy come home to us, and blend with us,
And so with them may we be made complete."

"Great Spirit, give the souls departed light,
So when Thou shinest on them they no more
Will parent shadows following at their heels,
Enraged at being outcasts from their home,
Cast out unborn and tepee-less to roam."

The oldest Indian lit the "sarced pipe,"
Which trembled in his weakly trembling hand,
And silently he held it toward the Sky

While silent awe betokened silent fear.
Then with a prayer he held it toward the earth,
While in his prayer I felt the "ton" of Love;
Then toward the West, where souls departing
 go—
Then came a pause while feelingly they sang:

There's a beautiful island away in the West,
 It's the land of the evening mirage;
And the stars and the spirits of deadmen have
 rest

 In the land of the evening mirage.
 In the land of the evening mirage.
 In the land of the evening mirage.
Where the stars and the spirits of deadmen
 have rest,
In the land of the evening mirage."

The big man in the moonlight is peeping for us
 In the land of the evening mirage,
And the grandmother-spirits are weeping for us,
 In the land of the evening mirage.
 In the land of the evening mirage,
 In the land of the evening mirage,
Where the grand-mother spirits are weeping
 for us,
In the land of the evening mirage."

“Speed away, speed away to the island so blest,
To the land of the evening mirage,
Where the spirits of deadmen forever have rest
In the land of the evening mirage.
In the land of the evening mirage,
In the land of the evening mirage,
Where the spirits of deadmen forever have
rest,

In the land of the evening mirage.
Ti-li-li-lee ta-la-la-la-loo,
Ti-li-li-lee ta-la-la-la-loo,
K’boo K’boo! O-he-he-he!”

Once more he held the pipestem toward the
West;
Then toward the North whence mystery comes
forth;
Then toward the East whence newness comes
with change,
Whence purple Dawn comes forth with light
and pain;
Then toward the glorious South, the Sun’s vast
home,
Where hopeful spirits of compassion roam,
And with their weakly everlasting might
For aye implore the creatures of the night,

And dubious shadow-creatures everywhere,
To blend themselves with purple, painful Dawn
And thus climb up to light and disappear.
For "there can be no painless pure delight
Till day includes the shadows and the night."

"When praying for men's souls the amber West
Is honored more than North or East or South;
The Sky is honored more than lovely earth,
Because they fear the Sky and love the earth."
How human 'tis for men to worship more
The things they fear than better things they
love!

The old man gave the pipe to each in turn
While each bowed head was praying silently.
If anywhere there is more reverence
It's in a world where language is no more.

It was "Memorial Day" and they would pray
For men whose facial forms had passed away.
And in their breadth of catholicity
They prayed for Whitemen they had known
and loved,
And e'en for some who'd been their enemies.
For "Men must love the trees and animals
And souls of those who've been their enemies
Or else Great Spirit will not hear their prayers."

There is compassion, weakly, timorous, frail,
Which reckons not the hurtful deeds men do.
There is true love, a creature born of pain,
Compulsory, almost impossible.

For one poor Whiteman grievingly they prayed;
The Indians found him sleeping cold and dead,
When snows were gone and "twinflowers" were
in bloom.

They buried him and bade his soul farewell;
He softly sleeps and no man knows his name.

These men were Christians, all but one,
And he was welcome with the rest of them,
For God "Wakantanka is one for aye,
And Faith is one all o'er the earth," they say.

And when they prayed for Indians dead and
gone

They used the native oldtime Indian prayers;
But when they tried to pray for Whitemen's
souls

They tried to pray the Whitemen's churchly
prayers;

For "Whitemen do not like our Indian prayers."

Their childlike native catholicity
Was sweet as flowers are, coming up in May.
The old man led while others followed him
A pleasing less than half-tone just behind,
And what was coming each one's heart divined.

For Indian souls departed thus they prayed:
"Great Spirit, may he be like light in Thee,
May dubious shadows following him be gone,
Absorbed in him by Thy pure light in him."

"And when Thy perfect light, Great Spirit,
shines

Upon him may it cast no shadows more
To follow him forever at his heels
And hold his spirit back from crossing o'er
The hither sea to that delightful shore
Where men have Life and light forever more."
"May shadows following him while he was in
This short-lived world of wretchedness and fear
Become ere long a living part of him,
So he with them in him will be complete."

To Indian minds the body dead, "rwin,"
Is but the smaller part of earthly man;
The shadows his dark moving form has cast
Because he was not perfect light like God,

Because he was a silhouette in light,
And so he parented a shadow brood,
These are the larger part of what is left
On earth behind and clinging still to him.
With outraged angered faces, dark and grim,
They're hov'ring o'er his grave to bother him.
These offsprings driven out from him, their
 home,
In which they had a livign right to dwell,
Pursue him angrily in life and death,
Till by the perfect light of God in him
He calls his "shadow-children" home to him,
And he must make them all a part of him
Before his stinted soul can be complete.
In no way can he rid himself of them;
They're his and he must call them home to him.

To Indian minds the "resurrection" means
The calling home of this ill shadow brood
So, with them in him, he's in Life complete.
He needs them, they need him, and light in him
Will call his "shadow-children" home to him.
This 's "resurrection" "Woekicetu."

And then the sev'n men prayed for that poor
 man,
.

The "whiteman stranger" they found cold and
dead,

When snows were gone and "twinflowers" were
in bloom,

And gave him rev'rent burial: thus they
prayed:

"Great Spirit, Thou didst call him from this life
While he was in our country all alone,

So we did bury him and weep for him,

The same as for a blood-born relative.

And when the springtime comes and "twinflow-
ers" bloom,

We strew his grave with flowers like other
graves.

Remember how the poor man died alone,

When winter winds were blowing bitter cold;

And so, Great Spirit, for the sake of Christ,

Guide him to his own relatives who're dead.

And in their city may he have a home

Where he'll be warm when winter winds are
cold.

Don't let him be confused and miss the road

That leads him where his mother waits for him.

If he was crazy when he missed the road

And wandered far away from home to die,

Restore his mind so he'll be sane and find

The place where his own relatives are kind."

(Can Whitemen, dead or living, hope to find
A place where they and their own kin are
kind?)

They made their prayer according to his creed
As they supposed this poor man's creed to be;
Invoking Christ, since whitemen have their
Christ;

A city home, since whitemen love such homes.

Then hushedly, whisperingly, with churchly
prayers

As, do their best, they could but poorly do,

They tried sincerely at a requiem

For a good Bishop who had gone from them.

They closed by saying: "May he come to us

And may we see his kindly face again,"

Then, joining hands, they sang a whispered
prayer

In quavering oldtime Indian sacred style;

Then silently each Indian went his way.

The original of the song beginning:

"There's a beautiful island away in the west:"

Wiyokpeyata iwita waste,

Ktayetu makoce e e.

Na wicankp' wicanagi oziiciya

Ktayetu makoce he el.

Ktayetu makece he el,
Ktayetu makece he el;
Na wicankp 'wicanagi oziiciya
Ktayetu makece he el.

Wimibe itancan etonunwan lo
Ktayetu makece he el;
Na uncinagipi aceunyan lo
Ktayetu makece he el.
Ktayetu makece he el,
Ktayetu makece he el;
Na uncinagipi aceunyan lo
Ktayetu makece he el.

Yaya po le wita owaste ekta,
Ktayetu makece e e;
Na wicasanagipi iohiniyan
Ktayetu makece he el.
Ktayetu makece he el,
Ktayetu makece he el;
Na wicasanagipi iohiniyan
Ktayetu makece he el.
Ti-li-li-lee ta-la-la-loo,
Ti-li-li-lee ta-la-la-loo,
K boo, k boo! O-he-he-he!

Note—The exact meaning of the trill in the last two lines is not now exactly known. The part as far as the first ex-

clamation point is said to mean ecstatic joy with tomtom beating in behalf of a spirit just passing over to the "beautiful island." The last phrase "o-he-he-he!" is said to express the pain felt by one standing on the shore because he is not yet sufficiently like Great Spirit, and so cannot pass over with the more fortunate one whom he sees passing over. By the old Sioux Indian belief, when a person dies his spirit (*wicanagi*) becomes invisible ordinarily, the same as a person's "other self" is ordinarily invisible. And yet both these do frequently enough become visible, especially to certain gifted eyes. At the death if a person's spirit (*wicanagi*) is full of Great Spirit (*Wakantanka iojulan*), as only a few spirits are, it immediately passes over into the "beautiful island," which is called also "the land of the evening mirage." Once in this "beautiful island" a spirit is not in any way confined there. Like Great Spirit, he has the complete freedom of the entire world. He may, according to desire, go away in sunbeams, in clouds, in rains, in flowers, in dewdrops, or in any of the living objects and processes in living Nature. He may, according to desire, dwell temporarily in animals, birds, plants or men. He may, according to desire, change his dwelling place. The "beautiful island," then, is hardly as much to him as the frontiersman means by the phrase, "old stomping ground." Nor is it a "*pou sto*," to use a Greek phrase; for it is not a means to an end, save in a tropical sense. It really means a psychic or spiritual state which the person has reached. And this psychic state was objectified as "the evening mirage," because they saw this wonderful dramatic "land of the evening mirage." In a world where physical objects predominate, human beings naturally enough dramatize their psychic states and spiritual emotions by objectifying locations. Those spirits who are not "full of Great Spirit" do not become "reincarnate," by Sioux Indian thought; though they may dwell temporarily in plants, birds, animals or men to some extent, but not entirely according to their desire. Their normal status is individual. They may die over again numerous times by freezing, starving or in numerous ways,

before they become "full of Great Spirit." It is helpful to them to dwell temporarily in living objects, trees, animals, men, etc. And, though this indwelling of spirits in living objects need not be harmful to these objects, yet it may be so if the indwelling spirits are ill-inclined. By Indian thought, a willful suicide cannot dwell in any living object. A suicide, who does his deed willfully, is painless and hopeless, sole alone and exclusive. An "aristocrat" all but the ability to make others serve him.

YOU MUST WATCH OUT BOTH WAYS OR YOU'LL LOSE THE WHEAT

(An old Teton Sioux Indian told this story of his first and only wheat-raising experience so often that it assumed literary form. I have tried to translate it so as to preserve the feeling and throb and the poetic rythm. This Indian liked sugar very much, and he got Sohgrum-seed from the south and tried to produce sugar. I have a story he told, in literary form, of his experience trying to produce sugar. I do not give the name of the Indian, for it might be offensive to his relatives to do so. Sometimes mischief-making whitemen will make Indians believe a writing belittles them when the real meaning is the opposite. Lines added to the story by me are enclosed in parentheses.)

“We are living in civilization today.

You must watch out both ways or you'll lose
the wheat.”

My good wife made this song, and she sang it
to me

When I told her I thought I would try and raise
wheat.

And her song made me think, and my thinking
was strong,

Till I learned for myself that my thinking was
wrong.

When Great Spirit inspires a good woman to
sing,

It is well for her husband to listen to her.

She was singing this song when the geese came
back north,
And the song that she sang came direct from
her heart.
And her singing was sad when I planted the
wheat,
But she said: "You're the man, do whatever you
please.
It is best for an Indian to cultivate corn,
And not try like a whiteman to cultivate wheat."

Now the country had changed and I knew I
must change.
The best hunter can't hunt when the hunting
is gone.
When the country is changing an Indian must
change,
Or he'll be as a fish is left high on the shore
When the river goes down and the dead wil-
lows frown.
So I plowed with my ponies and planted the
wheat
While my wife in the garden was planting the
corn.

But sometimes when I thought of the old Cus-
ter days,

And the doublequick faith and the great
tragedy;

And the hunting all gone and the old customs
gone,

And the dark days ahead for the people to face,
I sat down on the plow-beam and chanted a
wail,

“Wibluka eca e masica ece,” (sung with a
wail).

(“The sad thoughts in my spirit are giving me
pain.”)

My good wife helped me shocking, she kissed
every shock,

For I said to her: “Darling, the wheat will buy
meat.

I have heard ‘wheat is gold,’ and it’s gold that
buys meat.

Since the hunting is gone, it is harder to live.”

Then she cautioned me, singing, while helping
me shock:

“We are living in civilization today;

You must watch out both ways, or you’ll lose
the wheat.”

And I sang to console her: “The daydawn will
.come,

For the wheat we are shocking is better than
corn."

(The strong mind of an Indian is strict mono-
rail,

And to watch out both ways is a hard thing
to learn

For a farmer who's trying by tillage to earn
What his forefathers gathered in autumntide
moons,

What kind Nature is willing to give men as
boons.

And again, it's the farmer must build up the
town,

Or the walls in the cities would all tumble down.

The quick mind of a woman is gifted to know
What the future will be, and she knows 'twill
be so.

But when "civilization" has muddled her mind
She has lost half her heart, and she's more
than half blind.

And she kisses the shock not because she loves
wheat,

But because she wants meat, and wants shoes
on her feet.

When it comes to a fast, she's not equal to man.
And a man *can* go naked, but she never can.)

My good wife sang again when I started for town:

“We are living in civilization today,
You must watch out both ways or you’ll lose the wheat.”

So I sang and I watched on the journey to town,
For a whiteman might meet me and take all the wheat,

Because God had not given the Indians the seed,
But Great Spirit had given the Indians seed-corn,

And I felt as a thief feels, *an Indian with wheat!*
And I wished ten times o’er that the wheat had been corn.

I watched sharp when I sold it, I counted the price,

It was mazaska (dollars) three tens and one more.

But with dollars from wheat I felt guilty at heart,

And I wished that the dollars were dollars for corn.

Then I bought for my wife two big sacks of good flour.

Then I counted the dollars, and they were seventeen.

And I said: "I feel guilty with dollars seven-
teen,

"Oh, I wish that these dollars were dollars from
corn."

Then I bought for my wife a great big piece of
meat—

All the meat we could eat while the meat would
keep sweet.

Then I counted the mazaska (dollars) just ten.

And I said: "I feel guilty with dollars from
wheat,

Oh I wish that these dollars were dollars from
corn."

Then I said: "I'll buy chickens with dollars just
ten,

For my wife will like eggs when the meat is all
gone;

And it's harder to live since the hunting is
gone."

So I covered my wagon with limbs cut from
trees

So the chickens I paid for would not fly away;

And I bought thirteen chickens with dollars just
ten.

And I said: "I'm so glad that the dollars are
gone,

For with dollars from wheat I'm afraid like a
thief.

If I live till next summer I'll cultivate corn,
For with corn I feel manly, and wheat is bad
luck."

Then I started for home, singing, Ho-ha-ha-ha,
For my heart-beats were light when the dol-
lars were gone;

And the chickens were like the siho that we had,
The wild chickens we had in the moons long ago.
I was whipping the horses to get away quick
To the grove by the river where I was to camp;
For in Mandan I *couldn't* feel I was quite safe
Where I'd been selling wheat and hadn't sold
corn.

As I whirled round a corner the wagon upset,
And before I half knew it the chickens were
gone,

As the leaves blow away in the autumntide
moon.

Then my "Ho-ha-ha-ha" becaume "Ho-he-he-
he."

(Just one syllable changed and the singing was
sad.)

And my wife, when she knew it, sang: "Ho-he-he-he,"

For I *had* lost the wheat when the chickens had flown.

Then my wife sang again, and I joined in the song,

"We are living in civilization today;

You must watch out both ways or you'll lose the wheat."

And I vowed: "I'll not worship the wheat any-more.

Like my wife and Great Spirit I'll worship the corn.

CORNELLA

Aha, I've found you here, Cornella,
And why so silent when I importune
With all the love my heart can have half crazy
That you, before this love-tide moon of June
Is past and gone, will take me for your mate?
No other flower, though beautiful as you are,
Arouses love of flowers insatiate
In me as you do, e'en if one were bluer.
My love is pure, if "mother-love" is purer;
If snow is pure, your springtide love is purer.

This moon grows dark, and she'll not come
again
For many a moon. The winter winds will
sweep
With sighing snowstorms through this moun-
tain glen,
While I, alone, remember her and weep.

There is one cruel thing I can't forgive her,
Her heart will not to my fond heart respond
Howe'er with love my trembling heart does
quiver;
And so between us there's no wedding bond.
Last June I pled with her to take me with her
Whene'er she went away where'er she went,

In winds, in clouds, in sunshine, anywhither,
And let my life with her own life be blent.
She laughed and said: "A flower become a bride
Of such a winter-breathing man as you are?
For one short moon we're lovers side by side,
While wintery whitemen make the flower-
moons fewer."
I've heard old Indians say that flowers have
spirits,
And men like me, with Indian hearts, believe it;
For every flower in every glen inherits
Ancestral life which comes to help or peeve it.

Noté.—Indians consider this anemone "miraculous." To an Indian, miracle is "Life-transformation," that is the capacity for disappearing in one facial form and reappearing as the identical same person in another facial form. This anemone is so capricious, appearing with leaves from four to six, and shades of varying white or purplish (and yet the same flower), that it is considered "miraculous." A young Indian rejected in love often lets one of these appealing flowers fully impersonate to him the one he loves. This poem is substantially what a young Indian sang to one of these flowers in a glen in the Turtle Mountains, North Dakota. The glen had been filled with winter snows which were not all melted away in "June-moon-time." Beside the snow grew these flowers, and, with his heart absorbed in one of them, this young Indian sang his love, while the flower fully impersonated (more than symbolized) to him the maiden he loved.

Dr. Gilmore tells me this flower I am speaking of is the *Cornus canadensis*, not an anemone.

OLD NEIGHBOR MINE

Old neighbor mine, pray do not try to see a man
Behind the verses I have written, for their plan
Is not the picture of a man. As best I can
I've tried to scan Life's runeful sea, including
man.

Ah, Life-tides leaping everywhere with joy and
pain!

What's universal, do you think it is in vain?

The trees and mountains, earth and sky and
sunny plains

Appreciate the winter snows and summer rains,
And in them, with them I have tried to see and
feel

The Life-tides in the Father-God and brother-
de'il.

What have you seen? So much have I that I've
no fear

When facial forms of all I see and hold so dear
Are changing like the summer leaves in autumn
garb.

I've plunged and found that dying has no sting
or barb.

For Life, that's "you and me," is a kaleidoscope,
The more of change the more of what is more
than hope.

Though facial forms are swept away in one
short hour,
Yet Life, "that's you and me," is more than one
sweet flower.

So, neighbor, do not try by man-made rules to
scan

The verses I have written. They are not a man.
And I do feel I'm not a man, but some live part
Of Life's tremendous runeful sea whose living
heart

Is in the living cataract and living dew,—
Great Life-tide sea, forever old, forever new!

And when you see the daydawn, that is "you
and me."

And when you hear the treetoad trilling in a
tree,

Or see the Indian children playing full of glee,
Or birds' nests in the apple tree, that's "you
and me."

Two lovers in the moonlight walking side by
side

With ardent joys and bitter tears for groom and
bride

That's "you and me," old neighbor mine, with
joy and pain.

The more we live, the more we weep, the more
we gain,
Unless a man or beast does his own tether strain
His timorous neighbor's cultured garden patch
to gain.
It's Life in all Life's facial forms, that's "you
and me,"
A wondrous wrought community, Life's runeful
sea.

What is—Truth? Spontaneous *living*, bold and
free;
Free-hearted *living* large as God is, pain and
glee;
Man-living strong as Life is in Life's runeful sea.
Hard-hit the world is! Hireling hammers can-
not rivet
Free Life to rocks, once reverent men will dare
to live it.

He spoke once more, old Indian. "Friend, I'm
cold," he said;
"Please bury me in your fur coat when I am
dead."
I did it as he wished it done, old neighbor mine,
And for the beaver-coat my heart does not re-
pine.

"It is Life in Life-forms, not man,
Leads onward Life's caravan."
("Wiconi, na wicasa he e sni,
Mdotahunke ece.")

THE SONG OF THE TWINFLOWER

The oldtime Western Sioux Indians sang songs to most any object in Nature, as well as to flowers. And some of these objects, including the Twinflower (*Pulsatilla hirsutissima*), are believed to sing songs. The following is the Twinflower's song. Why this song, rather than others, is given here will be seen from the note following the song.

THE SONG

I wish to encourage the children
Of the Flowerpeople now coming up
All over the face of the earth;
So while they awaken from sleeping
And come up from the heart of the earth
I am standing here, old and grayheaded.

Note.—In North Dakota this flower is the first to come up in springtime. On first seeing it an old Indian holds his pipe reverently to the Earth, the Sky, the North, the East, the South, the West. Then he plucks the flower and carries it home, singing this song as he heard it in childhood, when this flower first came up. The smoke from the pipe is a sacred adoration of the Life-Deity who will soon appear in countless facial Life-forms. Since Indians have learned of Jesus they associate the coming of the flower with Easter-tide, when Jesus rose from the dead. To Indians the re-appearance of Life in a flower or any object after it has once ceased to be visible is "Woekicetu" (Resurrection, Restoration), which is, as they think, miraculous. To all Indians I knew each new Daydawn is Miraculous, Resurrection. The Western Sioux Indians, and many others, believe a man gains new and holy Life by bathing his naked person in the first rays of the rising Sun. They live in a

world of Life. In this world of Life, any Life-selftransformation by which a Life-being passes from one facial form where it has dwelt into another facial form, is miracle. That is their idea of miracle. It is the capability of a Life-being to assume various Life-forms.

PATHOS

(This is substantially what an Indian woman said in a report on returning from visiting many Indian Episcopalian and other churches in South Dakota, where the ministers are Lay Readers or Deacons or Catechists. Not quite sure of themselves, such native ministers are at times officious, and when so, the people make it disagreeable for them. The last stanza is the woman's exact words. The line "For the Churchmen are living in town," is my own. The woman called all these ministers priests.)

The most damnable (sica) pathos I know
Is the life of full many a priest.
He has seen part of Heaven: hence his faith,
For believing's believing for aye
Howe'er sinning may lead one astray.

Oft his fight for the right pulls him down
For the fight is with bad men who frown,
And delight more in lies than in Heaven.
And the world we now have is too harsh
For a man who has seen part of Heaven.

In the fire of the conflict ill-starred
Oft he feels that his body is charred;
And sometimes, heavy-hearted with pain,
He half-knows that his soul is half-damned
(sica).

Yet he must live with bad men who frown
For the Churchmen are living in town.

He endures; a brave man for a while,
And he carries his load with a smile,
But his smile has a shadow of woe,
For his heartbeats are getting too slow.

Yet however he sins in the fight,
In the fight all in vain for the right,
He has seen part of Heaven—hence his grief.
Now a layman is saved by belief
But a priest is condemned by his faith;
So a priest is a bird who is damned (sica)
For the sake of the birds who will fly,
And the worth of the birds and the cost
Is that many a priest's soul is lost.

WEATHER SIGNS

(Indian)

“If wildcats in the treetops leap and play,
If bronchos uphill, downhill speed away,
No matter how serene the sunny air is
You’ll see the pranks of weather-making fairies
(iktomi),

There’ll be a windstorm; stake the tent.”

“If birds that chirp in wintertime are silent
If rabbits hide away and wolves are violent,
No matter how the noonday sun is shining
Storm-spirits in the wintry sky are whining,
Get ready for a blizzard, close the tent.”

“If snakes lift up their heads and gaze about,
If sullen bullfrogs snuff the air and pout,
If little whirlwinds toss the dust and leaves,
If heaviness your tedious breathing grieves,
The thunderbird is coming, pray for
mercy.”

“If summer clouds are drooping near the
ground,
If nervously they’re bobbing round and round,
If they are tinged with gray and cactus-green,
If like gray wolves their disposition’s mean,
Get ready for a cyclone, God have mercy.”

“If you can see the morning meadow lark
Arising, circling upward through the dark
Gray mists of dawn and circling back again
With melody for animals and men,

Get ready for the journey, strike the tent.”

Note.—From hundreds of similar weather signs I have selected these few.

HITHER AND YON

Something to eat, something to wear, some-
where to sleep,

Down on the earth, up in the air, out in the
deep.

This the mad call, cursed or blest, leading us on,
Murderers all seeking for rest hither and yon.

Let me alone, please let me wear my own white
vest

Mother gave me, splendid and fair, ere I was
drest.

Life still is free, in the wild deep, in earth and
air;

Life is Life's food, Life is Life's sleep, Life
without care.

Life is so large I can't see room for death and
hell;

Life everywhere plying the loom in every dell.

Let me alone, I must be free; let me have breath,

Please let me starve, I must be free in life and
death.

Note.—Pitiful Japan, borrowing from China a culture that suits her people, then discarding it for "western culture," which does not suit her people! Japan will "get into the game" and "conquer" a few peoples, perhaps.

China has been "conquered" many times in past generations. And, as growing trees and grass and flowers cover

and obliterate trails I have seen in the woods, so human growth in China has swallowed up her "conquerors," and covered the trails they made in her spontaneous Life-growth.

Life and Time are the great and good old gods that do all things well. The "Christianity," invented in its phraseology and ruling ideas when Europe was passing from Feudalism into our impossible Commercialism, is not likely to sing songs of victory in China, even if Japan equivocally adopts it to help her "get into the game." China, loving what is *her own*, is likely to last when other nations are gone; even as the Vatican adapting itself to aborigines and not yanking men too hard, is likely to last when other churches are gone. Petty "caterpillars" and "kaiserkrupps!" Life will obliterate their tracks. A future humanity will see that such things are foolish. The best murderers, then the best among the best murderers to survive, etc. This is the ad Quem of "civilization." The true conquest is Life-conquest, oddly called "passive resistance," and "nonresistance." It is the unanswerable resistance. Yet at present among us whitemen about the only way people get really well acquainted with each other is by fighting together.

NO HOT AIR

(Borrowed)

The militia are coming to Mexico
From Dakota and Texas and everywhere,
When it comes to a showdown in Mexico
You will see the militia are not hot air.

No hot air, no hot air,
A square deal everywhere.

A square deal for the flag down in Mexico,
A square deal for America everywhere;
When it comes to a showdown in Mexico
You will see the militia are not hot air.

No hot air, no hot air,
A square deal everywhere.

When we got tap-tap-tap down to Mexico,
Give us beef and hot coffee and khaki to wear;
When it comes to a showdown in Mexico
You will see the militia are not hot air.

No hot air, no hot air,
A square deal everywhere.

Note.—Militiamen were trying to extemporize a song. I liked it, so “snapped it up” and finished it up. And this is the song. A man who can see and hear and “snap up” folk-wisdom and folk-songs is likely to find community-thinking and race-thinking better than his own thinking.

Possibly a man does not do much good thinking till he becomes an alert observer of community-thinking and community-feeling. Indians say: "If a man sees and realizes Nature enough, his brain (nasu) works correctly without effort. Otherwise his brain cannot work correctly."

SPIRIT OF LIFE

Spirit of Life in things above
And lovelier in things below,
We pray to Thee, All-Being-Love (Wacantkiye)
Spontaneous in our hearts to grow.

Our Father-Life, we live in Thee
And pray for glory which is Thine,
And by our living may we be
As Thou art in the Life divine.

The trees and flowers and watersprings
Are singing good old songs of mirth,
So may we sing while music brings
The good old joy o'er all the earth.

Spirit of Life, sing on, sing on;
Sing till our aching hearts find rest
And anxious fear is past and gone,
And like the rivers we are blest.

The earth is singing, hark the song;
The whispering breezes floating by,
The waterstreams gliding along,
Reflecting faces in the sky.

Spirit of Life, we worship Thee

With waterstreams and trees and flowers;
So may our new-born spirits be
As Thou art, and Thy glory ours.

Note.—This is the substance of a prayer I heard an old Indian make after he had bathed in the water and was standing on a hill. James A. Huston, in old times Adjutant General of Dakota Territory, once said to me: "I never heard anything more eloquent than prayers of old Indians orating after they had baptized themselves in a river." No doubt there was something of anxiety in the old Indian living, though Indians were not greatly inclined to worry. The compulsory breaking-up of their old civilization gave pain and anxiety to some of the more thoughtful ones. The term "Woniya," I have translated Life. It means *breath* in a man or animal or plant as well as Life in everything everywhere. It is the basal concept in the Sioux idea of Deity.

No one ever believed more fully in the possibility of a "new-born spirit" (called also a "new-born heart"), than did the old Western Sioux Indians. I mention particularly these Indians because I have studied them. But I am aware that many other Indians, if not all Indians, had this same idea. A minister of the Gospel asked me recently: "How do you reconcile this with the teaching that the 'new-birth' comes through the sacrifice of Christ?" A field observer does not have to reconcile things. He reports what he finds, even though the things he finds are not always reconcilable with each other. I should say, from what I know, that this idea in many parts of the world precedes the time of Jesus by many generations. And how should this fact lessen a man's adoration and worship of Jesus, who did the hard task of leading hardhearted men in a false civilization to realize this old Life-fact to some extent?

YOU'LL HAVE T' SHOW ME

In the floating ethereal cloud,
In the gliding, inviting blue sea,
If there's death anywhere and a shroud
Winding aught from Life's world which is
free,
You'll have t' show me.

In the rhythmical leaves that we see,
In the eyes that look out from the snow,
If there's death in their anthem of glee,
In their music that's soulful and low,
You'll have t' show me.

There are weapons and woundings that grin,
Mocking Life in the earth and the sky,
But if Life that forever has been
Is not Life that's unable to die,
You'll have t' show me.

If true piety is not for aye,
The Life-glory that has been for aye,
And if lowliness is not for aye,
All Infinity's vastness for aye?
You'll have t' show me.

Note.—Realizing Life in Nature, the Indian feels himself blent with Life, and immortal. He never thought of doubting "immortality," which is to him compulsory.

UNIVERSAL ONE

Now and then amid the strife
 Agonizing comes the Man,
Son of God, Spirit of Life,
 Universal One, lead on.

Finite weakness of our race,
 Limitation, pain and death;
Infinite with love and grace,
 Universal One, lead on.

Life in man and all, lead on,
 Bravely may be follow on;
Mindful where the light has shone,
 Worshipping, we follow on.

Agony is in his face,
 Dearer to us for the pain,
Telling us of love and grace;
 Universal One, lead on.

AN ESSAY ON SAVAGES

“Savages are a fictitious class of beings such as men of the scholastic class imagine they themselves would become if they were divested of conventional clothing and of the numerous other things of which they have become more conscious than of the things that are essential to life and happiness. By men of the scholastic class I mean men of the university class and people in general who, being educated in the public schools, have but scant knowledge of living Nature and of man’s relations to living Nature and the Creator, and to each other; but have a certain arbitrary teaching which is disharmonious with Nature and with the Creator. Such people are ruled largely in their living, thinking and feeling, by notions rather than by facts. This class of people will “die hard,” but they are passing away, whoever is coming to take their place. And as they pass away the scholastic conception of “Savages” is also passing away, and we are beginning to realize that there are profound social lessons to be learned from primitive peoples.

Men may have the noblest of cultural ideals without scholastic training, while in university circles, removed from Nature and the Creator,

sacred Life-concepts may become weakened or entirely gone. There is no substitute for Nature. Primitive men live heart-to-heart with Nature. Children must live in the same way or become, when grown up, a destructive element in human society. Living (not doing), is the key to knowledge. I have seen this among so called "Savages." Living in and with Nature men learn to live in and with the Creator. This can be learned at first hand in no other way. "Science" in books cannot teach it, but obliterates the capacity for it. Our scholastic education, removed from Nature and the Creator as it is in America, is destructive of all that is best in human beings.

What we need most of all is facts and the vivid realization of the meaning of facts, and our relation to these facts as living human beings.

It is not so much the number of facts quantitatively as the meaning of facts qualitatively that helps human culture. The half, realized qualitatively, is equal to the whole. The whole, but half realized qualitatively, is much less than the half.

My teacher of zoology in college had a conventional way of stating things "scientifically."

Yet I could not see then and cannot see now that he had much idea of the Life-meaning of the facts he stated. He had not lived in and with Nature. Many an old Indian knows ten times more zoological facts than he knew. And, in an unconventional way, he realizes quite well the Life-meaning of these facts, and their importance to human beings.

Once I mentioned a certain flower to a botanist. I gave the Indian descriptive name of the flower, as I did not know the scholastic "botanical" name. I translated into English this Indian descriptive name of the flower. I said: "Chan-kdo-ku-ape-kho-ta means stocky-plant-for physic-given-spikey-flowers-many-gray-in-color." The botanist said, with some scholastic impatience: "Why, that in no way identifies the flower. I do not know from that description what it is." Well, the Indian descriptive name of the flower so identified it to an Indian that he would know the flower, and know its relation to human needs. After this I tried an experiment. Out on the prairie with an Indian boy 10 years old, I pointed to some twenty flowers and said: "Go and get me chan-ape-kho-kho-ta (I omitted the "kdo-ku" because the lad was rather young for his first lessons in medical

education). With this descriptive name of the flower the alert little fellow selected the correct flower, the stocky-plant-spikey-flowers-many-gray-in-color. The trouble with our scholasticism is that, not living in and with Nature and the Creator, it is not alert. It is dull. It is not living, it is dead.

I have sometimes eaten in a circle of old Indians with no table or table utensils. Not even spoons, the fundamental and most necessary conventional table tools. And I have realized how naively dexterous and graceful the human hand is before it becomes the awkward slave of table tools. As long as food is sacredly precious to us we incline to handle it delicately with the fingers. With the conception of the sacredness of food gone, one inclines to handle it with a fork. Even among "Americans," where so many things are unnatural and irreligious, I never saw a mother handling her baby in a bath-tub with a fork. Because the baby is sacred and precious to her she inclines to handle it with her bare hands, similarly as the Holy Communion is most reverently and precious given and received with ungloved hands. I have eaten with oldtime white "frontiersmen" with no table, and few table utensils, and have

noticed a simple and charming dexterity in etiquette similar to that among old Indians. And this recalls to me, with meaning beyond what the author intended, the famous chapter of the philisopher Lotze on "The Hand."

At a dinner under such conditions university men would lose what they have of "civilization," and their rudeness would become unendurable to Indians and "frontiersmen." While an Indian was "saying grace" in the oldtime way, their faces would hardly wear a soulful heavenly smile for blessings, and they might wear a devilish grin. I have seen such grins when in my simple precious home I have (on inquiry) told a guest that I had no looking glass, or comb, or spoons. Regardless of "creeds," or no "creeds," it is necessary, first of all, to appreciate reverence which, to a right-minded man, is inseparable from Life and Home.

The origin of the concept of "Savagery" seems to be precisely this, viz.: Scholastic people are conscious of something large and fearful in themselves, tending to degeneracy and decay. And they feel that this indescribable something threatens the destruction of the human race—at least the scholastic class of the human race, the class only of which they are really conscious.

And they objectify this sense of "Savagery" in themselves by positing a fictitious group of people somewhere, such as never existed anywhere—Montesque and others notwithstanding. Montesque never saw any of the "Savages" which he describes. Nor did any other man ever see them, save "at a safe distance," and through the eyeglasses of misconception. Yet it is little wonder that Montesque and others have posited such "Savages," for in their own countries and among their own people they have felt savage terrors which required the positing of "Savages" such as they describe. There was in very real existence an indescribable and terrific "Savagery" which they must in some way depict and dramatize. But this "Savagery" is not in primitive peoples. It is in the "civilized" peoples and the "cultured" peoples.

Among primitive men this element of "Savagery" is small and harmless. I know this. I have lived with peoples who were called "Les Sauvages." And with knowledge thus gained I have scrutinized and properly discounted what has been written regarding other similar peoples. The "Savages" are not the people in the far islands, we are the "Savages."

Not long ago I read a lecture on "Miracles"

by an able university professor. His able and questionable ratiocination was based on the assumption that under such and such conditions Indians would think, feel and act so and so. But I had lived with Indians years enough to know that under "such and such conditions" they did not "think, feel and act so and so," at all. Many years ago I listened to an able lecture by one of Andover's ablest men, proving that a certain document, said to have been written two centuries and a half ago, was never written, and was not in existence. The lecture did not convince me, precisely because at that very time I had in my possession the original document and was making a transcription of it for publication. Such is our scholastic public-school education. It is out of harmony with the facts in Nature and in the Creator. It is our "Savagery." And when the scales of trembling justice do but slightly ill-tip, all the "savagery" in us is let loose, and we see that the "hordes of barbarians" are the scholastic and "cultured peoples."

APPENDIX

Dr. Beede has asked me to write some commentary notes on some of the poems he has here published, relative to Indian life and thought, and I feel especially complimented by this invitation because, in my acquaintance with him I have found him to have an appreciation and sympathetic understanding of Indian thought and feeling which is exceedingly rare among whitemen.

Without either casting the Indian under a cloud of derogation or investing him with a halo of impossible idealization, he simply meets him and thinks of him as a man. Because of this quality in the author of the present publication, I feel it an honor to participate in this book to the extent of the notes herewith offered.

MELVIN R. GILMORE.

NOTE 1—Animals.

Europeans in America (Americans as we call ourselves) seem to have sentimental feelings for the animals and plants which they brought here with them from Europe, and not the same sentimental feelings for the native American animals and plants. And while this is natural yet it is a pity for a people not to be so attached to the country in which they live that their sentimental feelings will be first of all for the forms of life that are native to their country. Otherwise there is a disharmony which lessens happiness and is harmful in many ways.

With this lack of sentimental feelings for the plants and animals native to America there has been a tendency to destroy these things in a ruthless manner. And this can hardly be prevented by laws unless we can awaken sentimental feelings for the native forms of life in America like that which our ancestors had for native forms of life in Europe.

Indians, the native Americans, seem to have sentimental feelings, and even sacred feelings for the forms of life native to America, while not having the same consideration for plants and animals that have been brought here from Europe. There is one exception to this statement. They seem to have the same sentimental feelings for the horse as for animals native to America. They have had the horse so long, and lived with this animal so intimately that it

seems to them like one of their native animals. So they use the horse as a foundation for personal names, as White Horse, His-horse-walking, Holy Horse, etc., just as the wolf, the bear, the elk, the buffalo and many other native animals were used.

I once asked an old Omaha what was the feeling of Indians when they saw the whitemen wantonly killing buffaloes. At once he dropped his head and was silent for a moment, seeming to be overcome with sadness; and as though he felt ashamed of the human race, in a low voice he said: "It seemed to us a most wicked, awful thing."

It is difficult for a whiteman to feel the sense of pain which the Indian felt at seeing the native forms of life in America ruthlessly destroyed with no compunction on the part of the destroyers. And this destruction of the forms of life in America by whitepeople gave the Indian a sense of a fearful void in nature, coupled with a feeling of distress and pain. It was not fundamentally the thought of the loss of their food supply, for agricultural Indians who were able to live without the native animals seem to have had these feelings the same as more nomadic Dakota Indians felt and realized them.

White Horse, an old man of the Omaha tribe in Nebraska, said to me (August, 1913): "When I was a youth the country was beautiful. Along the rivers were belts of timberland, where

grew cottonwoods, maples, elms, oaks, hickory and walnut trees, and many other kinds. Also there were various vines and shrubs. And under all these grew many good herbs and beautiful flowering plants. On the prairie was the waving green grass and many other pleasant plants. In both the woodland and the prairie I could see the trails of many kinds of animals and hear the cheerful songs of birds. When I walked abroad I could see many forms of life, beautiful living creatures of many kinds which the Master of Life had placed here; and these were, after their manner, walking, flying, leaping, running, feeding, playing all about. Now the face of all the land is changed and sad. The living creatures are gone. I see the land desolate, and I suffer an unspeakable sadness. Sometimes I wake in the night and I feel as though I should suffocate from the pressure of this awful feeling of loneliness."

Indians keenly observed the life and habits of animals and plants. This observation was minute and accurate, though it was empirical and poetic more than scientific. This careful study of plants and animals was a considerable part of their system of education, which included much more than we might suppose. They knew the habits of animals as they roam about and their habits as members of communities in their homes. An old Indian once told me how a muskrat lays up

his food on shelves in his house, similarly as a grocer has canned goods on the shelves in a store. Many old Indians have described to me what foods each of the animals who lays up foods has in his house, and how he keeps these foods. Many Indians, both men and women, have told me of the habits of the vole in storing up food. The Omahas have a saying: "The vole is a very industrious fellow, he even helps human people." This refers to the fact that the Indians help themselves to a part of the stores of a certain wild bean which the voles put away for their own use. Indian women look for the vole stores, take away part of the beans, and put in their place a quantity of corn or other food in exchange. They think of animals as having great wisdom. This comes from observing their doings and their ways of living. They seem to think that the beaver is the wisest of animals. They hope to gain the favor and to learn the wisdom of each animal species by sentimental feelings akin to worship for the god or genius of each species. The wolf-genius was the patrons of hunters.

NOTE 2.

When with Indians (Omahas, Pawnees, Dakota, Arikaras and others) I have felt a sense of freedom such as one does not so fully feel among white people. No one seems to mind or care

how individual a person may be in his habits and ways of doing things, so long as he respects the Indian fixed customs in fundamental tribal matters, and does not offend the Indian sense of justice and etiquette. The Indian idea is that whatever pertains to one's self personally he is to do according to his own personal tastes and likings. If an Indian takes notice how another man is doing this or that it is not with any feeling of criticism but with the idea of learning whether or not there is anything for him to learn from his neighbor.

The whiteman's disposition to look into, if not to dictate the affairs of neighbors is not characteristic of Indians. In general one may do as he pleases among Indians without any fear of becoming a gazingstock.

From racial experience they seem to have differentiated between the affairs that pertain to one's own self and the affairs that naturally pertain to the tribe, and to its posterity. And no one seems to feel any infringement upon his liberty in being expected to conform to tribal laws in those matters that concern the tribe and its posterity, though he would keenly feel any attempt at dictation in his personal affairs.

This method of living seems to have come from a gradual and natural individual and community growth, rather than from the making of laws, while the people have so adjusted

themselves to the system that each one feels a remarkable sense of freedom and liberty. It does not seem to occur to anyone not to allow another the same freedom which he exercises himself. And this complete consciousness of the rights of another, as well as the rights of one's self, seems to be an historic life-principle with Indians, or it was so before it was in some cases impaired by the introduction of a new civilization which is not harmonious with their aboriginal culture. It does not seem to spring from philosophical reasoning or from the consideration of the effects of this and that upon the welfare of the community, but from habitual ways of living for many generations. While among Indians I have felt that laws and customs, in order to be at their best for a people, should be discovered by human living rather than by philosophic processes of reasoning.

NOTE 3—Health From Nature

Pawnee Indians have a hymn beginning, "Behold the rays of our Father-Sun." Indians believed that health came immediately from nature by direct contact of one's person with the elements in nature, such as the sunshine, the rain and snow, the air and the earth. With Indians whatever tends to health is "clean." Intentionally they sought as much physical contact as possible with the earth, and with the elements in nature. Whatever seemed to an In-

dian inimical to health was to him unclean. They desired to bathe the person in the rays of the sun and the rains because this was healthy and cleanly. They consider that clothing is made healthy, and so cleanly, by exposing it to the clear sunshine. An Indian will, if very hungry, eat the carcass of a dead animal, because he has found out by experience how to so prepare the food that it is not inimical to life. But to throw it into a waterstream from which some tribes downstream will drink is repugnant to an Indian's sense of cleanliness, and it is sacrilegious to him because living water is sacred. Many a whiteman has grieved and angered an Indian by practices which were, as he thought, uncleanly because unhealthy.

NOTE 4—Unkind Houses

While there are fixed types of handicraft among Indians, yet there is distinct individuality in the things made by each person. Show a piece of porcupine quill work to Indians and they will often say that such a person made it, for it is her work. The untrained whiteman's eye might not see any difference between this particular piece of work and some other pieces. Indians feel that something from each person's life goes into whatever he makes and into whatever he has used in intimate connection with his person.

So, when an Indian dies, without previously

bestowing his more intimate personal belongings, as gifts to friends (such things as his clothes, pipe, bow and walking-stick—if he has one) these strictly personal effects are either buried with him or burned. These things are so fully a living part of his person that when he is gone there is no way, by Indian thought, of conferring honest title to them to another person, and so it would be ill-luck or irreligious for another person to have them or to use them.

Property of less intimate nature, such as horses, saddles, blankets and many other things of general use, are distributed among the dead man's relatives and friends or given to the poorer people in the community. Giving a friend anything of a strictly personal nature previous to his death, such as a pipe, confers an honor upon the friend, and is supposed to confer upon him a part of the giver's life which is in the present.

Personal property such as was of general use had not taken on the life-personality of the owner as things more intimate to his person had and so such things were not completely imbued with his personality. A tent was not properly owned by a person, but by a family, yet the intimate life-relations between the tent and the family made its ownership by the family complete, similarly as an individual owns completely his more intimate belongings.

So when a man who is the head of the family

dies, the ownership of the tent vests in an heir, if there is an heir. If there is no heir and if the owner has not bestowed the tent upon a friend while living, it is wrapped around him when he is buried or else it is burned. For an interloper to have the tent would be an outrage against the dead man whose life-personality is in the tent. A tent obtained by such means would bring misfortune to its possessor.

NOTE 5—Woman

By Indian conception man has his place in a community and woman has her place, and these places are not to any extent interchangeable. And this goes back to the idea that the female and the male are reciprocally complementary in all the world of life. Indians had no idea that one sex was superior or inferior to the other in the sense of being better or worse. Women were superior in women's affairs and men were superior in men's affairs. Men did not interfere in women's affairs. It did not occur to them to attempt to do so. Nor did women interfere in men's affairs. If a man be asked for information which he may know historically of anything about women's affairs he will not tell what he knows to an inquirer. This must be learned from women only, because it is for women to tell.

There are women's societies as well as men's societies. And women have certain parts to

perform in rituals, which must not be performed by men. Certain things are done by women only when the Thunderbird first comes in the spring. The priest, a man, has a certain part to perform in these matters. Women select the seed corn and consecrate it, though a priest, a man, sanctifies it before it is planted in the spring. In these matters and all others we see the idea of the female and the male in all the world of life. Woman has consecrated the seed corn and man has sanctified it, and so it will be prolific.

In the Indian civilizations there was a just distribution of labor between the men and the women. But when they come into a new civilization which is in many ways different from their own, there is need of readjustments. Like all else in nature, labor was masculine and feminine. It would work confusion, as they thought, for a man to do feminine labor, and vice versa.

All this seems to have come from the evolution of life expressed in community customs.

The vote or voice of women in tribal matters was considered as important as the vote or voice of men. A men's council could not make any final decisions in ordinary tribal matters till a woman's council was heard from.

Among the Iroquois the women belonging to the "chief families" elected a man from among the men belonging to the "chief families" to be

the chief. The men had no vote or voice in this election. And the women electors could at any time recall the man they had elected, if he proved unfit, and elect a new chief. And as the 'chief families' were reckoned according to the female line, and the women electors could at any time recall the chief they had elected, it will readily be seen that among the Iroquois the prerogative of the women was larger than that of the men in civic matters. This system of government seems to have been successful and generally satisfactory and to have been conducive to peace among the Iroquois themselves as well as peaceful relations with neighboring people. The Iroquois were prosperous and were making progress till they were destroyed by smallpox and other new diseases which came from Europe, and were overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the whitepeople.

Among the Siouan peoples the prerogatives of men and women were about equal in tribal matters, as judged by their theory and practice of civic affairs. From information Dr. Beede has obtained, it seems quite likely that when, in rather modern times, they entered upon a period of almost continuous wars, the old tribal laws were impaired, and the men exercised the larger prerogative in the governmental affairs.

NOTE 6—Indian Wisdom Literature

The racial experience of a people is expressed in proverbs, adages, folklore—wisdom litera-

ture. All races have such literature, which is generally handed down from generation to generation orally before it is written—if it is finally written. Among Indians there is a large amount of such literature. Yet anyone acquainted with Indians knows how difficult it is to obtain for record such important things. One has to hear these things casually in their ordinary conversations and record them unobtrusively.

Among us Europeans in America there had arisen a genuine interest in Indian ethnology, and then came the cataclysm of the civil war and its far-reaching accompaniments and results, and this interest was suddenly checked. Much has been lost. We have a great responsibility to collect as much as possible of what is available. These things belong to the country in which we live. It is our own country by adoption, and so these things, being germane to our country, are as important to us as similar things which had their growth in Europe, the country from which our ancestors came. Our sentiment must not all go back to Europe. It must take firm hold of our own country, for it must be truly American. This idealistic attitude toward our country and its historic past is a source of happiness and it is necessary to a true patriotism.

It is quite natural that as Europeans our thoughts and sentiments should cling to Europe and the things of Europe. It is also natural

and proper that we should bring with us from the homeland all that is good of the material and intellectual legacy of our race, but this need not exclude the acquirement of whatever good things may pertain to the new land. Children of European countries grow up into citizenship, learning the stories of their places of abode, with whatever there is of human relationship connected with each locality. They thus acquire a feeling of local pride and attachment with a correlative feeling of proprietary responsibility. But it is otherwise with a people by circumstances thrust into a country whose past history is unknown to them. They lack a real attachment and are ready on slight provocation to emigrate, and while resident are indifferent to public duty and ready to shift responsibility for civic betterment.

A British traveler who spent considerable time in America a half century ago has something to say about this lack of a sense of local attachment in this country. He says: "The American agriculturists seem to have little local attachment. A New Englander or a Virginian, though proud and vain of his state, will move off to Missouri or Illinois, and leave the home of his childhood without any visible effort, or symptom of regret, if by so doing he can make ten dollars where he before made eight. I have seen such repeated instances of this that I can not help considering it a national feature."

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
“This is my own, my native land?”

But Scott here had in mind one who has been born in the land in which his ancestors dwelt, and who is immersed in the sentiment and story pertaining to that land and his ancestral connection therewith. But if accident of birth brings one into the world on shipboard or in a foreign land, his affections are not thereby engaged by the surging water or by the foreign shore. To most of the inhabitants of America in general and of each of the states in particular, the place of their residence is actually or essentially foreign to them. They are not intimately acquainted with the land, as, for instance, the Scottish Highlander is with his rugged hills, or the Irishman with his green isle. If our people had that intimate and affectionate acquaintance with the land of their residence our government would be less liable to abuse and all our institutions would be more stable. There would be less shifting and shirking of responsibility.

Since this country has been Europeanised it has been given, in part, a beauty of artificiality, a sort of beauty of conformity, while at the same time it has been marred and scarred and in part made ugly with commonplaceness, and has lost the majesty and freedom, and the beauty and dignity of a distinctive character.

NOTE 7—Thank God for Water

Indians cannot conceive such a thing as individual ownership of land or any other natural resources, save in the sense that human beings have a free right to use these things according to their needs and without waste.

Salt, paints, timber, minerals in general, clays used for cleansing and for pigments and many other things as well as land and water and air must be free to all people, by Indian thought. The idea of an individual or a tribe having the exclusive right to such things did not occur to Indians. It is repugnant to their conception of human living. From the Indian viewpoint of man and nature, it is sacreligious for one to assume exclusive ownership of natural resources.

The salt springs in the country of any Indian tribe were free to all other Indian tribes. The pipestone quarries in Minnesota were also considered the property of the people in general, no matter what tribe occupied the adjacent lands, though when this pipestone was quarried, it was the property of the person who had quarried it. By the Indian conception of intertribal law, any tribe had a right to go peaceably into the country of another tribe for obtaining any natural resources that were there. Dr. Beede tells me that the fundamental reason for neighboring tribes regarding the Dakota Indians as arrogant

was their claim that the buffalo belonged exclusively to them as a race, and that they had a right to occupy any land wherever the buffalo roamed. I can readily see that such a claim would cause friction, for other Indians would naturally regard the buffalo as a natural food supply free for all peoples. And if the buffalo did not appear in large numbers till a comparatively recent date, as Dr. Beede claims, I can understand how their appearance with no exact precedents regarding their status among the natural resources, would cause much confusion and friction among Indian tribes.

Probably Indians in selling land to the first Europeans who came to America had no idea that they were selling it in such a way as to limit the right of their posterity to occupy it along with the purchasers to whom they sold it. The whiteman's idea of land conveyance was so unlike that of the Indian's, that it has given rise to confusion and friction between the two races. Indians did not question the right of whitepeople who had no land to come from across the ocean and occupy land with them according to their needs. But they did contest the right of these whitepeople or their posterity to exclude them or their posterity from the land they had granted them for use. The Indians regarded a purchase price as a gift such as was customary when a tribe came to live with another tribe on friendly terms. By Indian conception it was

impossible for them to give to anybody title in fee to the land which the white Europeans occupied, for they did not own this title in fee.

Many pages might be filled with exact quotations showing the view of Indians regarding land and natural resources, that they belonged to the people in general and were for the occupancy and use of whoever needed them. Not only the needs of the present generations, but also the needs and rights of posterity precluded the individual or tribal ownership of land and water and natural resources, save in the limited sense of use and occupancy.

NOTE 8—The Indian Sense of Home

An Indian's idea of home and happiness depends upon a certain sense of harmony which he feels in and with nature, and in a community. It does not depend primarily upon his being a fixed inhabitant of this or that locality in the land which his people are occupying. His idealism toward "Mother Earth" in general and his conception that the use of the earth belonged to all the people precludes a certain provincialism which sometimes makes a European have a rather mercenary attitude toward that portion of land which he assumes to own.

The Indian's home instinct often made him desire to leave one place and journey to another place similarly as the home instinct of migratory birds inclines them to journey north

or south when, owing to changing seasons, they feel that their sense of harmony with life-processes in nature requires a change of location. In the place where they are they are uneasy and restless because their own life-processes are no longer in harmony with the life-processes in their environments. But as soon as the journey of migration begins then the joy of such birds is apparent. The home instinct is again vital and their restlessness and uneasiness has ceased. Among Indians one may observe moods and home-instincts quite similar to those seen in migratory birds and other migratory creatures.

Whether man is essentially a sedentary creature, or is by instinct a migratory creature, so that with more easy means of transportation he will more frequently change his place of abode without losing the true home-instinct, *quaere*.

NOTE 9—The Mating Dance

The use of rhythm in connection with various community exercises is not confined to the American Indians. People in general experience an indefinable happiness in the sense of rhythm which is greater than the rhythm of movement is accompanied with appropriate rhythm of sound. This may be observed in children who love the old fashioned swing in a tree where, very likely, they sense the rhythmic

life-processes in nature while definitely conscious only of the swing. And European white-people generally, with their type of civilization calling for quite strict attention to labor necessary to livelihood, have not lost the primitive sense of joy springing from rhythm accompanied by music. This is connected with the instinctive call for play as well as for labor, and we see the demand on every side for more play.

Rhythmic movement with music seems to aid and vitalize the spontaneous life-movements in an individual or in a community in harmony with certain larger life-movements in nature.

Some types of civilization have had their growth with large emphasis laid on the ability of man, through the exercise of strong will-power, to project himself upon nature, controlling as much as possible natural processes for the sake of acquisitiveness. This laborious task brings a sense of weariness and a call to become passive, or spontaneous, while free nature makes her own impressions upon a man's physical and mental mechanism. And thus one experiences a resuscitation through the free blending of his own life-processes with the life-processes in nature.

So it comes that many races have used the community dance in connection with religious emotions and rituals as well as for a pastime.

It would be interesting and instructive to know in what way our own ancestors, not many

centuries ago, used the dance in connection with the public celebration of religious rites. No doubt our ancestors' agreements, such as marriage agreements, were celebrated with a community religious dance. Unfortunately those who saw the customs of our own ancestors a few centuries ago, did not write and preserve records as we are now trying to record some of the customs of the American aborigines. Probably a great wealth of instruction as well as important lessons in social affairs has been lost to us through the failure to record the customs of our own ancestors. A foreign civilization came and our ancestors yielded to it and their own aboriginal customs were lost in a great measure.

Probably our May Pole dance is a vestige of a mating dance once sacred to our European ancestors. There are other vestiges of customs among our ancestors which were supplanted by customs not germane to their aboriginal culture.

Among American Indians generally the right of choice in marriage seems to have been conceded to the female. Apparent exceptions to the contrary are sporadic rather than typical. The abhorrence of rape felt by Indians, more than by some other races, is proof of the principle that the female had the right of choice in marriage, or at least the right of veto on the choice of the male.

Present customs among Indians indicate the concept that marriage should come by a free choice of both parties to the wedlock, while in each the choice is determined by the free life-processes of each one's true and better self.

And dancing and music as practiced by Indians was believed to have mysterious power to awaken in people the spontaneous self which was in harmony with the deeper and truer life-processes in him. All this is in keeping with the fixed idea among Indians of the female and the male in the living world acting freely and without restraint as necessary complementary parts of one indivisible whole.

Among Indians the highest form of public religious expression was a pageant or drama which included rhythm and music, and the dance was frequently but not always a part of such religious exercises.

NOTE 10—She Must Become a Bride

Much that has been said in notes 5 and 9 applies here also. Since the living world was made up of the female and the male (Indians speak of the female first) which were mutually complementary in order that the numberless parts and organs in nature might fulfill their functions, it followed that the female and the male among human beings could not fulfill their life-missions as regards a community or as regards posterity without becoming mutu-

ally and reciprocally complementary each to each in marriage. The whole tribal system of community life was based on the assumption that each man and woman would marry. A man or a woman living in an unmarried state seemed to an Indian to create a void in nature leading to confusion and unhappiness.

The use of music in connection with arousing in woman a normal desire to marry was common among Indians. Hence the flute, commonly called "love-flute," used by a young man who was in love with a young woman.

Among Indians, as among other peoples, naturally some young women, reflecting on the labor and hardship incident to rearing children, were disinclined to marry, though this was not very common among Indians. And legends show that occasionally a woman or a man, owing to a peculiar psychic makeup believed to be "holy," should not marry, but should serve the tribe without marrying. These cases were rare. The pathetic legend of the Standing Rock (not the later Dakota legend, but the original Arikara legend), preserves in a folklore tale of great beauty, such an instance as this.



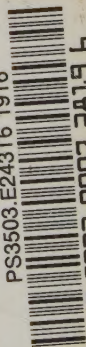
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